THE SURVEY

Graphic Number

Vol. LXVI, No. 9 August 1, 1931

CONTENTS

COVER DESIGN, *On Robert Frost's New England Farm - - Woodcut by J. J. Lankes*
FRONTISPIECE - - *Farmer with Landscape Painting by Carl Wuermer*
WHEN EVERYONE HAS A JOB - - - - *Maxwell S. Stewart* 413
THE CHURCHES AND THE STORK - - - *Charles Stafford Brown* 418
SAMOA AND PLUS-FOURS? - *Paul S. Taylor* 420
THE LITTLE HOUSE - - - *Photographs* 422
THREE DAYS OF ROMANCE - - - - - *Rebecca N. Porter* 424
MISS ROSS' GIRLS - - - - - - - - - - *Sarah Cleghorn and Dorothy Canfield* 429
CHILDREN OF THE TRAIL - - - - - - *Edna LaMoore Waldo* 435
IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES - - - - - *Drawing by Horace J. Fleisher* 438
ROBERT W. DEFOREST - - - *John Finley* 440
SOME PEOPLE WON'T SAVE - - - - - - *Herbert Maynard Diamond* 442
CHANGED BRAINS - - *John Palmer Gavit* 444
LETTERS & LIFE - *Edited by Leon Whipple* 446
THE TRAVELER'S NOTEBOOK - - - - 448
INDEX TO ADVERTISERS - - - - - - 456

The Gist of It

LAST month MAXWELL S. STEWART wrote of the Russian Five-Year Plan in Action. Here (page 413) he tells of how the Plan has made of Russia a country without unemployment. Indeed, great numbers of her people hold down two jobs in their eagerness to get on with the economic rebuilding of their vast undeveloped country. There are training-schools for youngsters and for raw country boys brought in from peasant farms to be plunged into the machinery of factories.

THE ferment in the churches over birth control does not mean that they have gone modern and scientific; rather that some of them have faced a situation confronting them. Some are realistic; most are not. CHARLES STAFFORD BROWN (page 418) writes as an insider, the minister of the Congregational Church at Colorado Springs. He is well known to readers of our book departments for his reviews of religious books, which are as readable as they are temperate and forward-looking.

IF Polynesian culture is saved past the first third of the twentieth century it will be due more to PAUL S. TAYLOR (page 420) than any other man. His plea to have the Islands set up as a national park in order to preserve their delightful and unspoiled culture even more than their physical beauties, was made in Survey Graphic for November 1930. Since then a congressional committee has visited Samoa and it is expected that legislation may be passed at the next session.

THE fiesta at Santa Barbara is carried out with all the zest and trimmings of a community which has an authentic Spanish background and a considerable Mexican population. REBECCA N. PORTER (page 424) writes of it with the glowing appreciation of a Californian, an instructor and lecturer in the extension division of the University of California as well as a novelist and contributor to many magazines.

OF course it is all wrong from the modern point of view that a schoolma'am, untrained in penology and administration, should turn out to be superintendent extraordinary of a woman's prison which has been a shining success. But there it is, an established fact, something the whole state of Vermont is proud of, and set forth (page 429) both convincingly and delightfully by two of the writers for whom Vermont is best known—SARAH CLEGHORN and DOROTHY CANFIELD.

THE letters from an auto-camp (page 435) form an intimate and moving picture of what it means to the children of those marginal families who bump painfully from pillar to post and coast to coast, in ancient flivvers, looking for work. EDNA LAMOORE WALDO, of Bismarck, N. D., is a frequent contributor to women's magazines, daily and weekly papers, and her book-review column—the only regular reviews in North Dakota—is syndicated by forty-five newspapers.

JOHN FINLEY of The New York Times, one of the best known of American journalists, had his first editorial post in the nineties on The Charities Review, the grandfather of The Survey. It was there that he first met Robert W. deForest and began the warm friendship and the joint endeavors in behalf of the growing city they both loved, that he sets forth so well on page 440.

THE questions raised by HERBERT M. DIAMOND (page 442) over the savings of workingmen and women are especially pertinent at this time, for there is general agreement among relief agencies that the thriftier and more resourceful folk who have managed to get through thus far on savings, will be the next group forced to ask for relief. Mr. Diamond is professor of economics at Lehigh University, following earlier experience in the Connecticut Child Welfare Commission and the U. S. Employment Service.

SURVEY ASSOCIATES, INC.

112 East 19 Street, New York

PUBLISHERS

THE SURVEY—Twice-a-month—$5.00 a year
SURVEY GRAPHIC—Monthly—$3.00 a Year

LUCIUS R. EASTMAN, *president;* JULIAN W. MACK, JOSEPH P. CHAMBERLAIN, JOHN PALMER GAVIT, *vice-presidents;* ANN REED BRENNER, *secretary;* ARTHUR KELLOGG, *treasurer;* MIRIAM STEEP, *director finance and membership.*

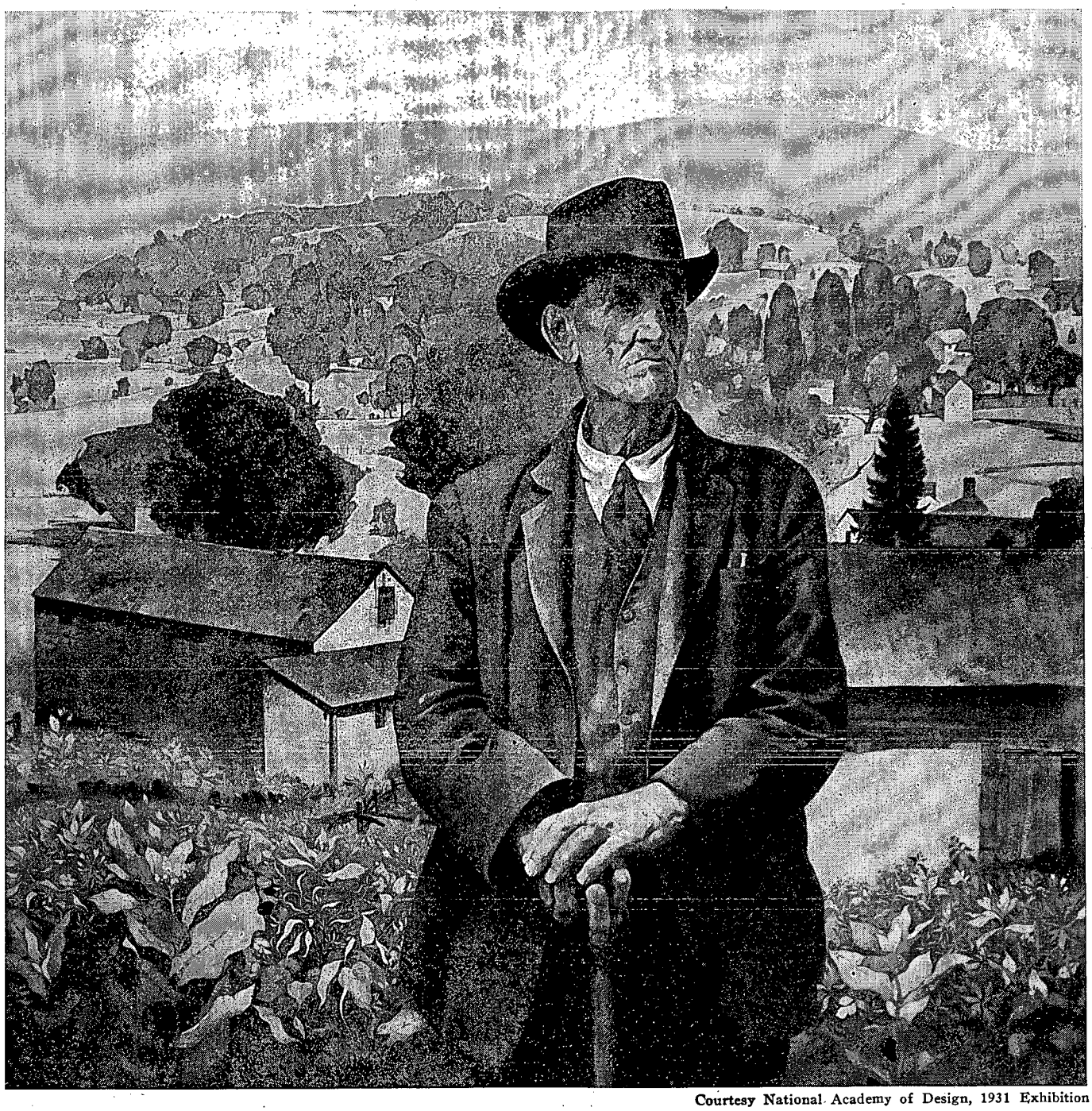
PAUL U. KELLOGG, *editor.*

ARTHUR KELLOGG, *managing editor;* HAVEN EMERSON, M.D., ROBERT W. BRUÈRE, MARY ROSS, BEULAH AMIDON, LEON WHIPPLE, JOHN PALMER GAVIT, JOHN D. KENDERDINE, LOULA D. LASKER, FLORENCE LOEB KELLOGG, GERTRUDE SPRINGER, *associate editors.*

EDWARD T. DEVINE, GRAHAM TAYLOR, JANE ADDAMS, FLORENCE KELLEY, JOSEPH K. HART, *contributing editors.*

JOHN D. KENDERDINE, *business manager;* MARY R. ANDERSON, *advertising manager;* MOLLIE CONDON, *extension manager.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Courtesy National Academy of Design, 1931 Exhibition

LANDSCAPE WITH FARMER

By Carl Wuermer

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SURVEY
GRAPHIC NUMBER

AUGUST 1
1931

VOLUME LXVI
No. 9

Where Everyone Has a Job

By MAXWELL S. STEWART

Photos by Press Cliché, Moscow

IT is of more than passing significance that the Soviet Union is the only nation in the world today that has vanquished unemployment. Ten or twelve months ago there first began to be felt a shortage of mechanics, metal-workers and a few other types of highly skilled labor. By the end of last summer there was a scarcity of all kinds of skilled workers and it became increasingly difficult to obtain workmen of any sort. Many Soviet economists were frankly disturbed because, as they pointed out, no other country has ever been brought face to face with an acute labor shortage; under normal conditions there has always been a labor reserve large enough to meet the needs in time of emergency. But the Soviet Union is facing an emergency in the development of the Five-Year Plan which calls for an increasing number of skilled factory workers and the sources of labor appear to have run dry.

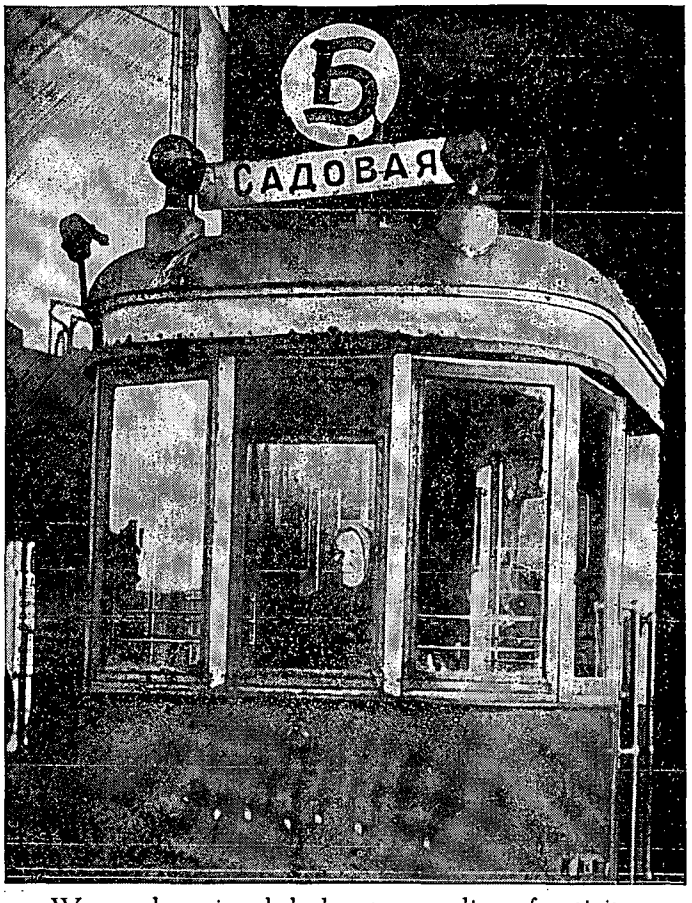
As one visits the Moscow Labor Exchange today it is difficult to believe that two short years ago there were over 370,000 unemployed in the city of Moscow alone and a million and a half in the Soviet Union. Even as recently as the winter of 1929-30 more than a million men and women were registered on the list of the labor exchanges as being without employment. Although these figures may seem small as compared with the four million out of work in Germany, the two and a half million in Great Britain or the much greater number who are walking the streets in the United States—all countries with a much smaller population than that of Soviet Russia—nevertheless the elimination of unemployment at this particular time must be considered as a distinctive triumph for the Soviet experiment of organizing economic life according to a predetermined plan. In a way it is all the more remarkable because Russia, like South America and the Orient, is primarily a producer of raw materials, and with the sole exception of the Soviet Union those nations which have to rely upon agricultural and mineral products have suffered even more from the present depression than the great manufacturing countries like England, Germany and the United States.

One does not have to be long in Soviet Russia before noticing the concrete results of labor shortage. An astounding number of men and women are holding down two or more jobs. Among the intellectuals and the Communists, for different reasons of course, it seems to be the ordinary rather than the uncommon practice for a person to have at least two jobs. In the schools the older students have a certain amount of regular work to perform in connection with their education and every student has his or her "social work" which consists of little tasks of community service performed in addition to the regular duties. One is particularly impressed by the large number of women who are to be seen working. Although there is apparently a custom of long standing in Russia that women should bear the lion's share of the work on farms, they have now invaded almost every line of activity and may be seen toiling beside men in the factories, serving as postal carriers, as police, and even doing the rough work of section hands on the railways. Women also fill far more professional and administrative posts than in any other land. More often than not they may be found at the head of large educational institutions and a number of leading engineers of the new regime are women.

THE long lines of customers waiting in the shops, the cooperatives and at ticket windows of stations have been told about the world over. However it is not generally understood that these lines are not so much due to a shortage of goods, although often such a shortage exists, as to an insufficient number of clerks to wait on the crowds. In part this shortage of help is the result of a desire for economy, but nowadays it is chiefly due to the acute scarcity of labor. It is felt particularly in the less desirable types of work. It is said to be fully as difficult to find a maid in Moscow today as it ever was in New York in the heyday of American prosperity.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I visited the Moscow Labor Exchange because of the conflicting rumors which I had heard about its methods. One can always hear contradictory stories in Soviet Russia, but here was a subject which was being debated with great heat in the British Parliament and in our own Congress, about which no one seemed to have any definite information. One scarcely could read a report about the Soviet Union in which there was no mention of "forced labor" and the impression which has been created in the outside world is that Soviet workers are little better than slaves. My curiosity was piqued when I was told confidentially by a certain interpreter who had lost her position when the work on which she was engaged was finished, that "everyone was afraid to go to the labor exchange" because it might order a person to take a job in the far interior away from friends and family, and that one dared not refuse lest his name be striken from the list of the labor exchange. In addition I had long wished to study the organization which had so successfully aided in the elimination of unemployment in Soviet Russia.



Women have invaded almost every line of activity

It was somewhat of a surprise then to find that there were still about thirteen thousand jobless registered at the Moscow Labor Exchange. The long lines of men and women in front of the windows suggested that there must be more unemployed in Moscow than is usually supposed. However on investigation I found that over two thirds of this group were peasants who were just in from the country, and that more than 70 per cent were women who were wholly unskilled. It is said that nearly twenty thousand persons come to Moscow each month from the farms attracted by the high wages and advantages of city life. This huge group is almost entirely unskilled and constitutes the bulk of the applicants at the labor exchanges.

Of the rest, 80 per cent are skilled workers and office employes who have left their jobs voluntarily in search of more desirable ones. The officials have sought to discourage this practice by trying to persuade men and women to return to their former positions, but the demand is so great for trained workers that they usually feel safe in refusing in the assurance that they can find something better. In any case the whole thirteen thousand are certain to be absorbed one way or another during the course of five or six days, only to be replaced by another group in search of new work. The month before I visited the exchange for example, 54,000 persons registered on the Moscow Labor Exchange while there were demands for 87,500 workers most of which could not be filled.

Of course cases do arise where a certain type of specialized occupation happens to be fully filled for a period. For example there is no shortage in the textile industry at the moment although several new plants which will require a large number of new workers will be opened next year. If there is no work in the field for which a man is trained he is assigned to some other task for a time and is transferred as soon as there is an opening in his own line. It often happens, as in the case of handicraft workers, that there is no longer a demand for certain skills and a worker is given a chance to requalify himself for some of the needs of modern industry.

Previous to last October a skilled worker who was unemployed received about 27 roubles a month from the labor exchange as an unemployment benefit. The semi-skilled were given an allowance of approximately 20 roubles and the unskilled received about 16 roubles monthly. In each case the amount allotted consisted of a definite proportion of the wages last received. This sum was augmented by about 30 per cent for each dependent in the immediate family of the unemployed worker. In addition those who had worked previously were entitled to a substantial unemployment benefit from their trade-unions, a benefit which they are still entitled to. The unemployed were allowed virtually free rent for their rooms, paying only a nominal fee of 75 kopeks a month to the house committee. In no case could they be ejected from their quarters.

Considerable misunderstanding has arisen over the suspension of this dole system which was made necessary in October because of the scarcity of labor. Several thousand persons were found, upon a summons being sent out, who were very contentedly living on the dole and refusing to work. Consequently a new ruling was made compelling a person to take a position when it is offered on the penalty of having his or her name removed from the list of the labor exchange. In actuality this ruling does not work as much hardship as might be imagined in view of the scarcity of workers. It is enforced only in exceptional circumstances such as when a worker repeatedly throws up the positions which the labor exchange has obtained for him. The number who have thus drifted from job to job has been considerable and has seriously interfered with the smooth running of industry. For those who are really in need however, the dole has not actually been suspended. If a person who is clearly unable to work appears before the labor exchange he or she is allowed to receive the unemployment benefit until

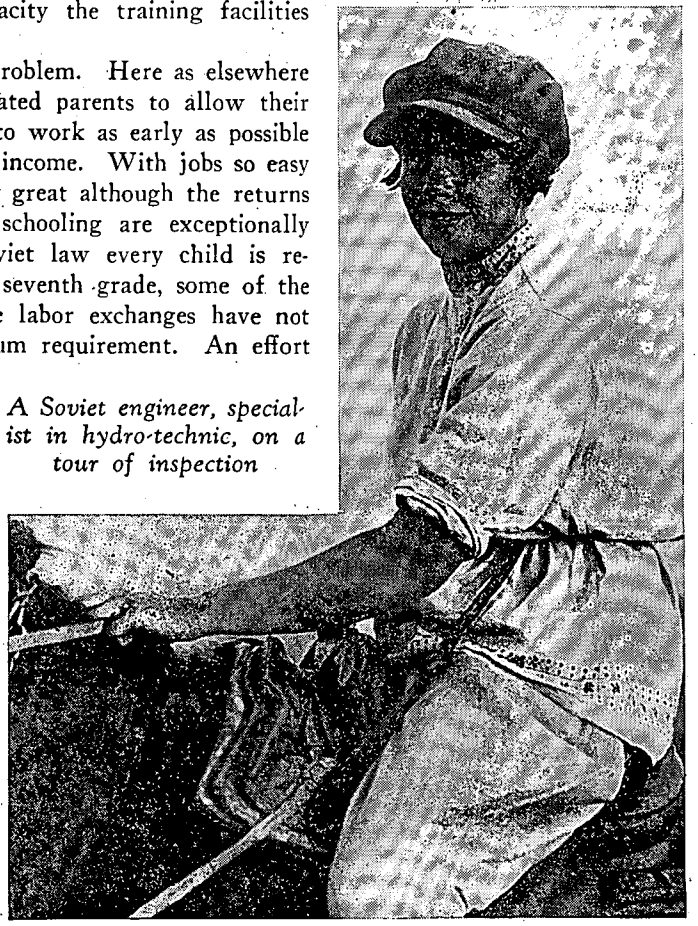
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

able to take another position. Trade-union members still receive the regular unemployment allotments in case they are sick or out of work.

The elimination of unemployment has saved the Soviet Union many millions of roubles which were formerly expended in unemployment allowances. This vast amount of money has been utilized to establish and operate schools for transforming peasant farmers into skilled factory workers in order to meet the ever-increasing demands of industry. Having successfully carried out its original function of supplying jobs to the population, the attention of the labor exchange has been turned almost exclusively to means of training the unskilled. And this is by no means a simple problem, for it is one thing to train people who understand and appreciate the value of such instruction and it is another thing to take ignorant peasants who do not have the most rudimentary knowledge of machinery and the children of such parents and make them see its importance. It is an all but impossible task to transform a nation of peasants into factory workers within a few years, and yet we find Soviet Russia in the midst of a gigantic struggle to accomplish this very thing.

More than two thirds of the persons registered at the Moscow Labor Exchange are wholly unskilled, the majority of them being peasants, while a large part of the remaining portion are young people who have left school before acquiring an adequate training. The unskilled are now sent to industrial schools for three months at state expense in order that they may be equipped for a definite place in industry. These schools are capable of taking one hundred thousand persons monthly and have swallowed up the last vestiges of unemployment among the unskilled. The labor exchanges are already complaining that they cannot find enough candidates to utilize to their capacity the training facilities which have been set up.

The children also present a problem. Here as elsewhere there is a tendency for uneducated parents to allow their children to quit school and go to work as early as possible in order to augment the family income. With jobs so easy to find the temptation is doubly great although the returns on a few additional years of schooling are exceptionally high. Yet although under Soviet law every child is required to complete at least the seventh grade, some of the children who appear before the labor exchanges have not even complied with this minimum requirement. An effort is made to send all children back to their classes so that they may have at least two years specialized training in addition to the work of the elementary school. A stipend is given to all such students and they have privileges second to none so far as food, clothing and general opportunities are concerned. In cases where it is impossible for them to continue their education, the young people are sent to special industrial training-schools which are operated on a part-time study, part-time work plan. These students receive a state grant of from 30 to 70 roubles a month and in addition are paid full wages for the time in which they work. In spite of these inducements it is difficult to enroll enough young people in the industrial schools and it is said that the quota for the succeeding months has not nearly been filled. Ignorant parents are held to be responsible for sending their children to work before they have been adequately prepared.



A Soviet engineer, specialist in hydro-technic, on a tour of inspection

ONE of the most serious problems faced by Soviet industry has been the abnormally large labor turnover during the last few months especially among skilled labor. This situation has been aggravated by the fact that hitherto wages for the same kind of work have often differed materially between factories. Consequently there has developed a regular class of "drifters" who have been constantly on the move with resulting demoralization in certain departments of some industries. In one case nine hundred skilled workers were sent to a factory; a check taken at the end of a month revealed that some eight hundred of them had already gone elsewhere. In order to discourage this practice an appeal has been made for all loyal workers to remain at their present jobs until the completion of the Five-Year Plan. This action has been widely misrepresented as evidence of "forced labor" has been cited frequently in the American press as reason for barring Soviet imports. As far as the writer is able to discover, this charge is completely groundless for there has been no compulsion whatsoever other than public opinion and even yet it is evident that this rapid turnover has not been wholly checked. It is now proposed to limit turnover by requiring that every applicant for a position bring a letter of dismissal from the place where he was previously employed. Experiments are being made of sending some of the more chronic offenders outside the city where temptation to mobility is not so great.

Although the scarcity of labor has not yet become so acute as to necessitate the moving of large numbers of workers from one place to another, experiments are being devised to encourage persons to leave the city to work in the new industrial establishments which are being constructed throughout the country. These measures are being undertaken in order to find the most satisfactory means of meeting a need that is almost certain to arise within the next few years as most of the new factories which are being built under the Five-Year Plan are outside the big cities and the Russians are particularly loath to live away

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Railway workers studying the automatic blocking system

from the bright lights of the city. Every inducement is offered to persuade workers to leave Moscow. They are given a raise in salary, free transportation for themselves and their families and, what is particularly important in Russia, they are provided with living quarters at their new jobs.

Still it has proved difficult to induce either men or women to leave Moscow with its theaters and entertainments in exchange for the more austere life of the smaller town, even though the city is terribly overcrowded and in some cases families of five or six are crowded into one room. The most successful method that has been devised is that of utilizing the shock-brigades of the factories and prevailing on an entire group to move as part of their contribution to the success of the Five-Year Plan. The shock-brigades are competitive groups which have been formed in the factories in order to speed up production; they are ideal for the new purpose as they have become firmly welded social units through the process of competition. If individuals within the group are unwilling or unable to move and can present good reasons to the workers' committee, they are not taken, but usually when a whole group goes all of its members respond to the appeal.

A student learning by doing in a plant

It has proved even more difficult to persuade engineers and technical workers to leave the city and the labor exchange has experimented with more strenuous measures. This group includes a large proportion of the "drifters" whose transitory tendencies have proved such an embarrassment to Soviet efficiency. The labor exchange will find a position for such a man three or four times; but if he appears again in search of work it will offer him a position outside of Moscow under the conditions mentioned above with the suggestion that he either take the job or have his name removed from the list of the exchange. If a person feels that he has a good reason for not accepting the position, and most people do, he may appeal to a special commission consisting of a representative from his trade-union, one from the city soviet and one from the labor exchange. This commission is likely to delay the enforcement of the order for some time, and if it considers the person's excuse for remaining in the city to be justified he is allowed to stay. In the majority of cases, according to the representative of the labor exchange with whom I talked, these persons are not actually sent to the provinces. Moreover this representative emphasized the fact that this procedure is still in the experimental stage and if it does not prove satisfactory it may be dropped at any time.

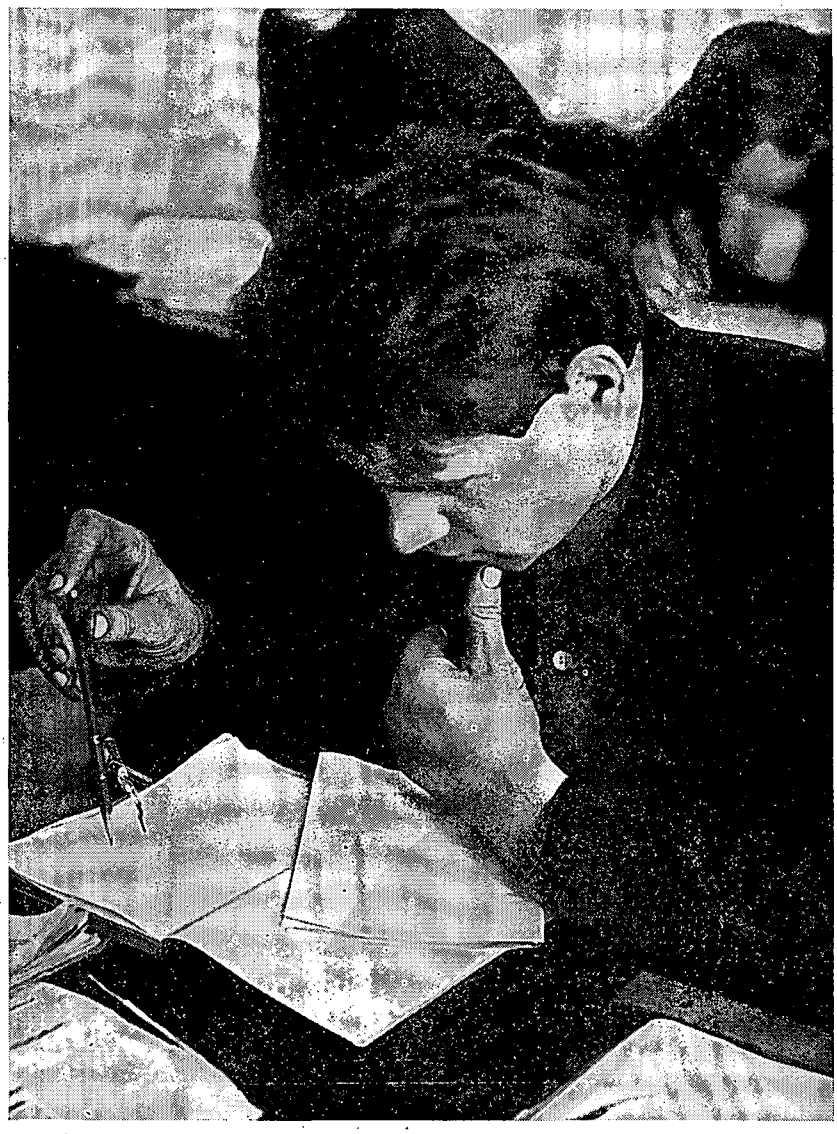
Apparently reports of these trial measures were responsible for the rumors which the interpreter had confided to me and which had caused her to delay her application to the labor exchange. As a matter of fact she did apply at the exchange finally and was sent notices of two different jobs inside the city both of which she refused as she secured another position in response to an advertisement in the press. I have known several other persons who for one reason or another have been temporarily out of work, and in every case they have been able to choose from among several different possibilities. Some have found work outside the city at twice the wages which they could have secured in Moscow.

In view of the tremendous industrial development called for by the Five-Year Plan it is evident that new sources of labor must be discovered in addition to those mentioned above. During 1931 it is estimated that 16 per cent more industrial workers will be required than were needed in 1930. The following year a corresponding increase is anticipated and it is probable that the rate of growth in the numbers of factory workers will be considerably more than that of the population as a whole for many years to come. This means that there must be a

First lesson in joinery at the polytechnical school

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

considerable influx from farm to the factory during this period. In order that this migration shall not affect agricultural production, a campaign is under way on the collective farms to induce all surplus hands to leave the farms and enter industry. The speeding up of collectivization is also due in part to the fact that collective agriculture furnished an ideal transition from peasant farming to modern industrial methods. While the first effect of the establishment of a few collectives is the bringing in of all the unemployed farmhands and impoverished peasants, the application of large-scale farming methods soon releases large numbers for factory work, although conservatism tends to keep them on the soil even when they are not needed. However, the social discipline of the collectives and the experiences gained in working with modern agricultural machinery amidst accustomed surroundings is the best possible preparation for the discipline of factory work. The Communists are counting on the mechanization of agriculture to furnish a steady stream of workers for industry. They look upon the present labor shortage as merely temporary and maintain that with better organization it will be possible to preserve an equilibrium between the supply and demand for labor in both industry and agriculture.



Every worker in the Soviet Union must know technique. An "Amo" student in one of the courses organized by the workers of the Amo plant

AS a temporary expedient there is talk of providing for mass immigration sometime in the near future. A project for bringing in twenty thousand Germans is under consideration and it is said that a number of Chinese were allowed to enter Vladivostok last summer to meet a local shortage. A growing strictness is also to be expected in the regulations concerning employment outside of Moscow and Leningrad. It is obvious that the move for developing industry away from the present urban areas is a wise and necessary one and that the process of decentralization should ultimately mean greater comfort for all the factory workers. It is questionable however, how far it is desirable to bring pressure on those who do not wish to go away from the cities.

In general the Soviet government has shown a remarkable degree of flexibility when dealing with problems of this type.

A stranger who comes into contact with the present labor scarcity is almost certain to remark that it is all very well to talk about the need for labor right now but that sooner or later, after the present plan for development of industry has been carried to its conclusion, the Soviet Union is certain to face the same sort of crisis resulting from overproduction that the rest of the world now faces. It is only natural that those of us from the West should think in such channels and I found it rather disconcerting when the official of the labor exchange chided me for what he called my provincialism.

As he pointed out, the needs of each year are planned in advance and the full amount of the human resources are systematically distributed among the tasks that need to be accomplished during the period. As yet Soviet Russia is a poor country and it will be a long time before Soviet industry can possibly produce all the commodities that the people want. In the meantime there is an immense amount of construction to be done and all the resources of the Union are likely to be required for a number of years to come.

However there is already talk of reducing the working day to six hours within the near future, so that more time may be given to study and recreation. There are even those who maintain that three days work out of five is sufficient and that one of the remaining days should be used for study and self-improvement, the other day to be used for rest and recreation.

By thus gradually increasing the amount of leisure and by constantly increasing the amount of capital and manpower utilized in cultural activities, it seems reasonable to suppose that the Soviet Union may altogether escape the ill effects which we are now suffering because of the too rapid growth of our industrial system.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Churches and the Stork

By CHARLES STAFFORD BROWN

ONE by one religious bodies in this country and elsewhere are taking up the matter of birth control. The term is of course a misnomer—there is no desire to control birth. What is desired is the control of conception. But the term has been so widely used that it will probably be a permanent part of our language.

Some churches, like the Anglicans through their bishops at Lambeth, have endorsed the principle of birth control with great hesitation and under heavy restrictions. Their declaration makes no room for the regular and continued use of contraceptives by ordinary married people. Their only concession is that birth control may be right in certain very exceptional instances.

Other religious bodies, such as the Presbyterian Special Commission on Marriage, Divorce and Remarriage, have stated their attitude toward birth control in terms which are just as hesitant and even less clear. Probably the extreme caution of this Commission is a sign of wisdom. Their report will not represent the official position of the Presbyterian Church as a whole until that church adopts it, and anything more definite and concise than this report would perhaps stand little chance of adoption.

Certain other religious bodies are more outspoken. The New York East Conference, Methodist Episcopal, endorsed the principle of birth control and called for the passage of the doctors' bill, which would make it legal for doctors to disseminate birth control information at their discretion. The Universalist General Convention in 1929 called for the repeal of all federal and state laws that interfere with the right of doctors to prescribe contraception and urged the establishment of city clinics on birth control. A year later the American Unitarian Association called for the support of all reasonable efforts for the promotion of the birth control movement. The Central Conference of American Rabbis in 1929 endorsed contraceptives and urged further study of the whole matter by their entire body. In addition, conferences of different denominations have endorsed the principle of birth control by contraceptives in clear and concise terms and called for the establishment of birth-control clinics. These state bodies have occasionally urged the dissemination of information to the unmarried as well as to the married.

On the other hand some religious bodies are bitterly outspoken in their antagonism to anything touching birth control. The most outspoken and most powerful of these groups is of course the Roman Catholic Church, which has declared that any form of interference with the normal outcome of married intercourse is always and everywhere a mortal sin, worthy of eternal damnation. Certain of the more conservative Protestant groups, such as the Lutherans, have denounced the birth-control movement as immoral.

The specific event which has focused and stimulated all this thundering of ecclesiastical cannon was the issuing of a statement on birth control by the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America—the organization of which Bishop Francis J. McConnell is the present head. The Federal Council is an unauthoritative federation of twenty-seven national religious bodies. These bodies are all—nominally, at least—Protestant. The Federal Council does not and cannot speak with authority for the twenty-seven denominations which comprise it. Its statements are often out of harmony with some one or more of the groups which are its members.

The statement of the Federal Council on birth control is clear, readable and not at all dogmatic. There is a majority report which endorses the use of contraceptives and calls upon all informed persons to surround the use of such methods of birth control with a sense of the sanctity of the Christian home and the holiness of the marriage relation. There is also a minority report which does not endorse the use of contraceptives but urges continence upon those who for any reason should limit their families. Both majority and minority reports appeal for a spiritual rather than a physical basis for marriage.

WHAT has brought this matter of birth control so emphatically into the attention of churches and churchmen during the past two or three years? There are many reasons, all valid. But there is one chief reason. It is this: churches are reflectors of public opinion and not leaders of that opinion. That is to say: the church did not take the lead in propagating the theory of evolution, or the Copernican astronomy, or the physics of Millikan. Not at all! These and all other advances in thought have had to make their way against the indifference or the active hostility of the churches. The church for instance has accepted the theory of evolution only partially and within the memory of the average highschool student. She accepted it reluctantly and only when it became evident that she would lose her people if she didn't accept it. So also with advances in science in other fields and with the new theories of social justice and social control. The church has never been a leader of human reform but merely a reflector of it. She has produced great leaders, but they have often had to go outside the church to obtain a hearing.

Now the simple fact of the matter is that birth control is an existing condition. It is not a future possibility but a present actuality. The church, in endorsing birth control—even to the very limited extent to which she has endorsed it—is not leading a crusade. She is at most merely recognizing a condition which already exists. She has reached the point where she can no longer shut her eyes to the matter and so she opens her eyes and admits that the fact is a fact. That is about all. The very Protestant preachers who thunder most loudly against birth control are themselves exponents of it. They have one, two or three children as a rule, instead of the ten or twelve which normal conceptions would make inevitable.

This tardy and hesitant recognition of an existing fact is not evidence that the churches are eager to advance to social

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

control of population. It simply indicates that the fact has grown so obvious that we can no longer act as if we couldn't see it. But as I said, we are not leading a crusade. The natural fear of most preachers for their jobs coupled with the natural conservatism of religious organizations, will be enough to keep most pulpits silent on this matter in the future as in the past. The church will continue to marry the young people who come to her, but she will not prepare them for that marriage. She will continue to denounce divorce, but will do little to make marriage less subject to failure. And the more conservative churches will endorse birth control—if ever—only when they see that they will lose their following if they don't endorse it. By that time, of course, their endorsement will be a mere rubber-stamp of a practice already taken for granted. They will reflect public opinion; they will not form it.

Probably the real reason why conservative religionists are so worried and troubled about birth control is the fact that the dissemination of such information will make possible the almost complete flouting of ancient taboos. Certainly birth control places in the hands of the selfish and unscrupulous a powerful weapon for harm. There is no possible doubt about that. But birth control is only one item in the present shift away from a categorical morality of rigid right and wrong. The fact is that modern science in every department has helped to break down our old absolutes and leave us instead a rather new and bewildering set of relatives. Black used to be very black and white very white. But now both black and white are apt to be more or less gray. Good and bad, today, are waiting for re-definition.

Courtesy Frank K. M. Rehn Galleries, New York

HIS NIBS *By George Luks*

Certainly, birth control information—and the endorsement of that information as a norm of Christian life—will put a powerful instrument in the hands of young persons who are inclined to "get by with it." No doubt about that. But is it not time to raise the question as to the virtue of a morality founded on fear? How good is a girl who is good because she is afraid of having a baby? And also has it not been the experience of mankind that education and enlightenment, rather than suppression, are the only valid means of dealing with threatened immoralities? The automobile, for example, made possible clandestine meetings on a scale impossible to the horse-and-buggy era. Well, then, what to do? Abolish the automobile? Such a course would have been unwise even if possible. The only proper thing to do was to educate the users of the automobile in its use and surround it with social safeguards, socially imposed.

Precisely the same thing ought to be done with the matter of birth control. Young people generally are decent and moral, even by the standards of their parents. Most young people want to marry and most who marry want children. But they do not want an unlimited number of children. Nor, with our oversupply of labor, should they be permitted to have an unlimited number. At the same time, most of them cannot or will not attain the counsel of perfection—continence. What then? The answer is either contraceptives or abortions. In the one case there is grave danger to the health and life of the wife, quite apart from any moral consideration. In the other case there may be high Christian ideals coupled with healthy children, no more in number and no closer together than the health of the mother and the income of the father will permit. The real choice after all is apt to be between contraceptives and abortions rather than between continence and contraceptives. Max Hirsch, German sociologist, credits the United States with two million abortions—murders in embryo—annually. Maybe his figures are too high. Ask your doctor.

This matter of birth control is not confined to this country. In fact we are rather backward over here. Some idea of the spread of birth-control ideas and practices may be gleaned from the following facts, vouched for in the published writings of Guy Irving Burch, executive secretary of the Population Reference Bureau. The birthrate in England and Wales has fallen from about 36 per thousand of population per year to about 16.3 per thousand of population per year, in less than fifty years. Are the women less fertile? The men less procreative? No? Then what is the answer if not that the people have found methods of preventing conception? And the same thing is true all over Europe, even the Catholic countries. The birthrate in France and Belgium is low and is still declining. In Italy, under Mussolini, every effort is made to prevent the spread of contraceptive information and every inducement is offered to the rearing of large families. Bachelors are heavily taxed. Yet the marriage-rate and the birthrate have declined steadily in Italy since 1924 and her net rate of population increase lags behind that of Holland, where birth control is an accepted and legal matter with clinics dispensing information to married and unmarried people.

It is the opinion of this writer that every such social ferment as this one represents a passing opportunity to the churches. An opportunity, certainly—an opportunity to take the lead in building toward a better social era. But a rapidly passing opportunity because already the change is coming whether the churches foster it or not. The general practice

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of birth control by some means is already an established fact. Many young people, despairing of getting any help or information from churches chiefly interested in a personal, legalistic salvation, are turning away from the churches and are frankly experimenting. But the opportunity is still here if we will accept it. It is an opportunity to drag the whole question of sex out from under the blanket of taboo and superstition that covers it. It is the opportunity to hold up before our youth the ideals of a Christian home. What will those ideals be? We will have to discover them; we do not fully know them yet. But at least we may be sure a Christian home will not be a home in which sex is thought to be naturally a filthy thing. It will not be a place where shame goes hand in hand with physical love. It will not be a place where the mother must bear child after child, some of them unfit to live, until her own health is forfeit. Rather it will be a place where children are wanted and where they are eagerly sought when health and finances permit. At other times it will be a place where physical love need not be burdened with the worry of unwanted pregnancies. Surely a Christian home ought to be at least this.

Will the churches accept this opportunity? I think yes and no. Yes in a few instances. No in the majority of cases. Outstanding leaders will, I think, appear in the churches to seize this opportunity and make much of it. But they will not be very numerous and in many cases their own churches will repudiate them. Then after a century or so the churches will all come around to the point of accepting birth control as a part of normal life. But that will not be until such acceptance has ceased to be dangerous or forward-looking.

Samoa and Plus-Fours?

By PAUL S. TAYLOR

IN mid-Pacific under the Stars and Stripes is the best surviving and almost the last refuge of Polynesian culture. On the small islands of American Samoa the natives yet thrive. There they still build their oval houses, or *fales,* of native materials, resisting the lure of corrugated-iron roofs. They still wear the lavalava, albeit often it is made of cloth instead of wood-pulp. They acknowledge the authority of their *matais,* or hereditary chiefs, and they retain a communal form of land ownership and some forms of communal labor. They have preserved their ancient customs and ways of life and their morale as a people remains unbroken.

That these Polynesians should have maintained their culture is fortunate, indeed almost fortuitous. For elsewhere, under the impact of foreign intrusion, all has not gone well with Polynesian society. In Hawaii the native culture is gone, the lands are alienated and the race is losing its identity by inter-mixture. In Tahiti and the Marquesas disintegration has already gone so far that not only is the native culture vanishing but the race itself is on the highroad to biological extinction. Of American Samoa, on the other hand, as informed an observer as Miss Mead has been able to write recently in The Nation: "Given a minimum of interference, left to their firm economic base and their own pattern of social relations, there is every reason to believe that this unique spirit of living—the most important achievement of that vanishing race, the Polynesians—may be preserved in Samoa, a vivid monument to the variety of cultural solutions of which the human race is capable."

But the good fortune which so far has preserved the Polynesians of American Samoa may yet fail them, and soon. For American cultural intrusion is increasing and behind it looms the specter of economic penetration. Of course what we have done or shall do is for the assumed benefit of the natives, whether it be missionary activity, "Americanization," health measures, the development of copra or pineapple plantations, or the establishment of a cannery. But these measures are of very different values and effects on Samoan culture. Christianization the natives have survived; with it has come literacy in the native tongue and a practical unanimity of devotional observance which astonishes the traveler. The promotion of health and sanitation under the naval regime has contributed to an increase in native population, and the provision of a few convenient but non-exploitive tools of our civilization perhaps adds to the amenities of life without introducing disruptive forces. But one may yet have fears that intrusions to come will demoralize a highly intelligent people and devastate the culture which they have built up.

What are some of the first fruits of "Americanization?" To some of the natives we must have sold ourselves well for they told members of the American Samoan Commission last October that they wanted to "Americanize" even in matters of dress. But what sort of Americanization is likely to become engrafted on Samoa? The United Press correspondent describes what he saw:

> For the occasion the islanders donned their best finery. The dowager wife of Chief Mauga was the most lavishly dressed according to Samoan notion—as befitted the mate of such an important person. For her Sunday bonnet the island lady wore a faded man's straw hat, gaily bedecked by a flaming necktie in lieu of a ribbon. A white dress that stopped a little short of rather buxom knees and a checkered vest completed the outfit. Her feet were bare.
>
> Chief Mauga himself affected a dignified "stovepipe" hat, black frock coat and the Samoan *lavalava,* or pulp skirt. His feet also were unshod.
>
> Others were similarly attired and all including the minister went barefooted.

Could we heap greater indignity upon the grand old man of Samoa and his people than is here described? For it is we who have made them ashamed of their own dress and their own culture. Who, seeing the magnificent figures of the chiefs and their fishermen in the accompanying photograph, would think it progress to outfit them with ready-made American suits, white flannels or even plus-fours? Is not the word-picture of the press correspondent a sad augury with significance in matters far more important than dress? Of the fine intelligence of the Samoan people there is no question, but cultural transfusion is quite another matter. If we engraft our own alien culture on to these Polynesians on their tropical isles, is the result not likely to be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

grotesque as in the instance quoted, if it is not tragic?

The bill framed by the American Samoan Commission clearly facilitates the break-up of Samoan culture; it assumes what is at least highly questionable, that this break-up is inevitable. Commenting on the unsettling, partly by the schools, of the attitude of some of the young Samoans, the Commission report observes, "There was under this [communal land and family group] system no incentive to effort on the part of the individual. Thrift brought no reward." "There are no factories. Every family can raise or make those things needed for food and shelter. But new wants and appetites are changing this situation." So, to permit development "away from their present communal system of social organization and property into one more completely in tune with American civilization . . ." the Commission bill *inter alia* provides (sec. 33) that the legislative power of Samoa "may by general act permit persons to associate themselves together as bodies corporate for agricultural, maritime and industrial pursuits and for the establishment and conduct of cemeteries." There is a grim logic in the juxtaposition of cemeteries and the various forms of economic exploitation; surely there are enough object lessons in recent Polynesian history to tell anyone that the necessity for the former will result from the latter, certainly culturally and perhaps racially as well.

Of course the report of the Commission says that these developments are permissible "should [the Samoans] so choose." But actually what freedom of choice have they? If for example some Americans ever really want Samoan copra lands does anyone suppose that it will be very difficult to persuade the Samoans to provide whatever leases, corporate organizations or anything else may be necessary? Our dealings with other primitive peoples make the answer only too plain. Probably the Samoans have never really had presented to them the underlying issues or analyzed the collapse and even extinction of their fellow-Polynesians elsewhere. Probably it has not occurred to them that if any corporations or other agricultural or industrial enterprises are formed, the rôle of most of the Samoans will not be that of managers and stockholders but of workers at so much per can, per hour or per acre. If the Samoans decline to work—and Nature has never forced them to unremitting toil—of course investments will have to be protected; then there will be brought shiploads of Filipinos or Chinese willing to work, and the fate of the Samoans will be what—the extinction of the Marquesans?

But even more subtly we are "loading" the Samoans' "choice." For we are "educating" them to depreciate their own culture, to be ashamed of it, and to glorify our own completely alien culture which is neither necessary nor suited to tropical islands in the South Seas. The Samoan who wishes to "Americanize" probably thinks of himself in the rôle of the cultivated traveler or naval officer whom he sees, not in the much humbler and nondescript rôle which it would doubtless mean to most of them. From economic "Americanization" a few Samoan individuals might profit materially, possibly even culturally, but the entire people would suffer irretrievably. Is it not time to consider whether an equal amount of "educational" effort spent on dignifying the Samoans' conception of their own culture and aiding them to enhance its values, would not be effort spent to a vastly better purpose?

AGAIN, some Samoans today prefer to remain Samoan. It is deeply significant that one of them in whose person the process of Americanization at its best has gone far and to all outward appearances successfully and happily, has said recently, "I wish we could have it as it was before the foreigner came." But if other Samoans "choose" economic development along "American" lines and their "choice" prevails, such development will force their "choice" willy nilly upon the others, for the effects of economic exploitation are penetrating and inescapable.

The suggestion has been made earlier that protection of Samoan culture can best be accomplished by a National Park Administration. The President in February last transferred the administration of the Virgin Islands from the Navy to the Interior Department; while the analogy of the Samoan to the Virgin Islands is in many important respects inapt, the move nevertheless suggests that in the Interior Department resides, or will be developed, a sufficient experience and staff to handle colonial administration. To these qualifications the Park Service can contribute the splendid traditions and experience in conservation which make it logical to place in its charge the protection of Samoan society.

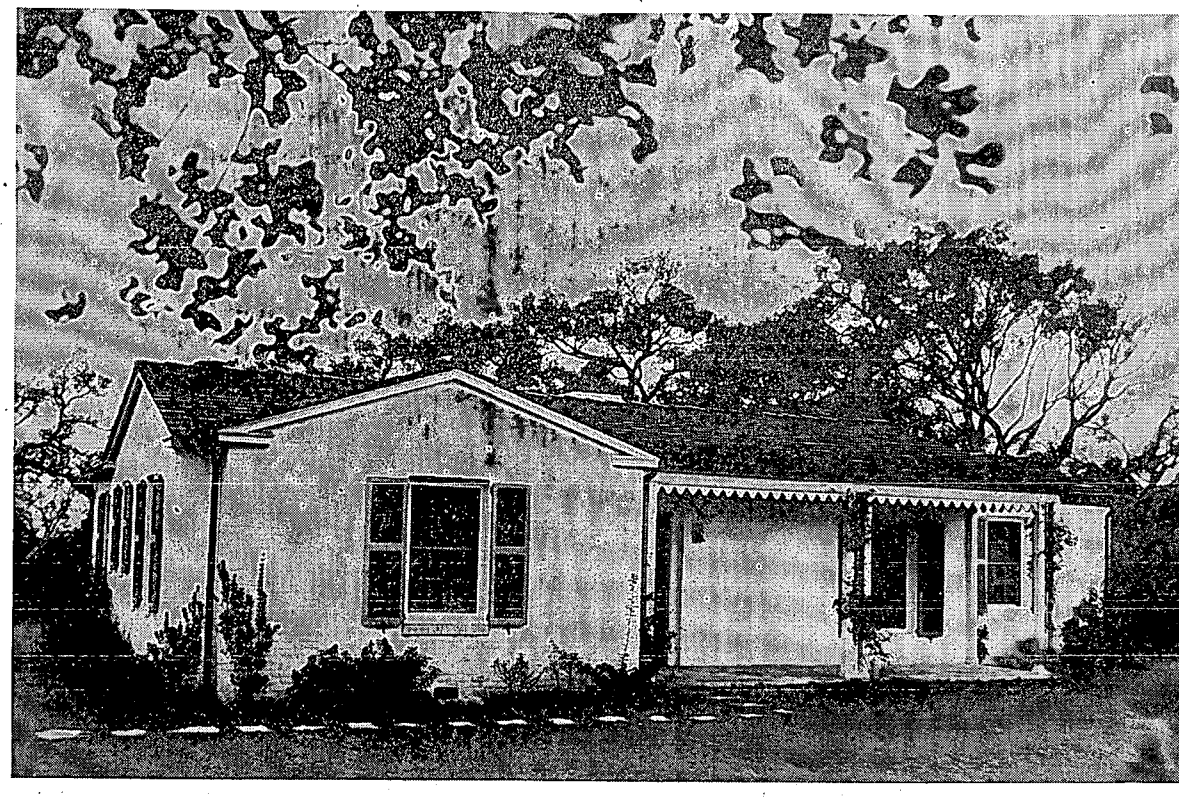
American conservationists have done and are doing a magnificent work in preservation of our natural heritage—plant and animal life and geologic formations. Surely they will not let slip the opportunity of protecting a few vanishing human societies. Before it is too late perhaps some of them will call for a commission of scientists and conservationists to canvass the field, select a few notable cultures and set up safeguards for their preservation. Only then can Samoans or other primitive peoples have a "choice" which is in any real sense free.

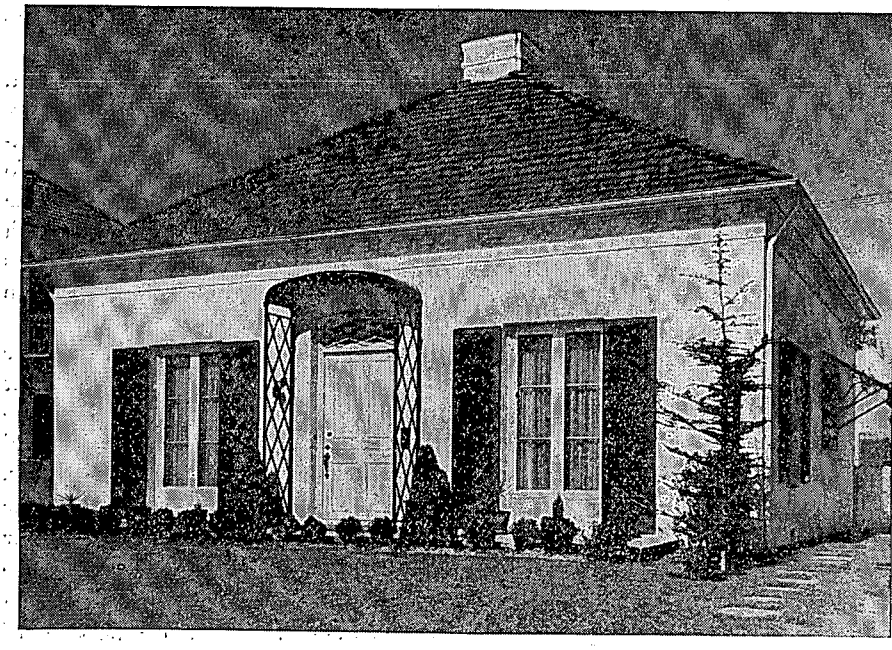
Courtesy Matson Line

The Polynesian fisherman in his native costume is a magnificent figure

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Little House



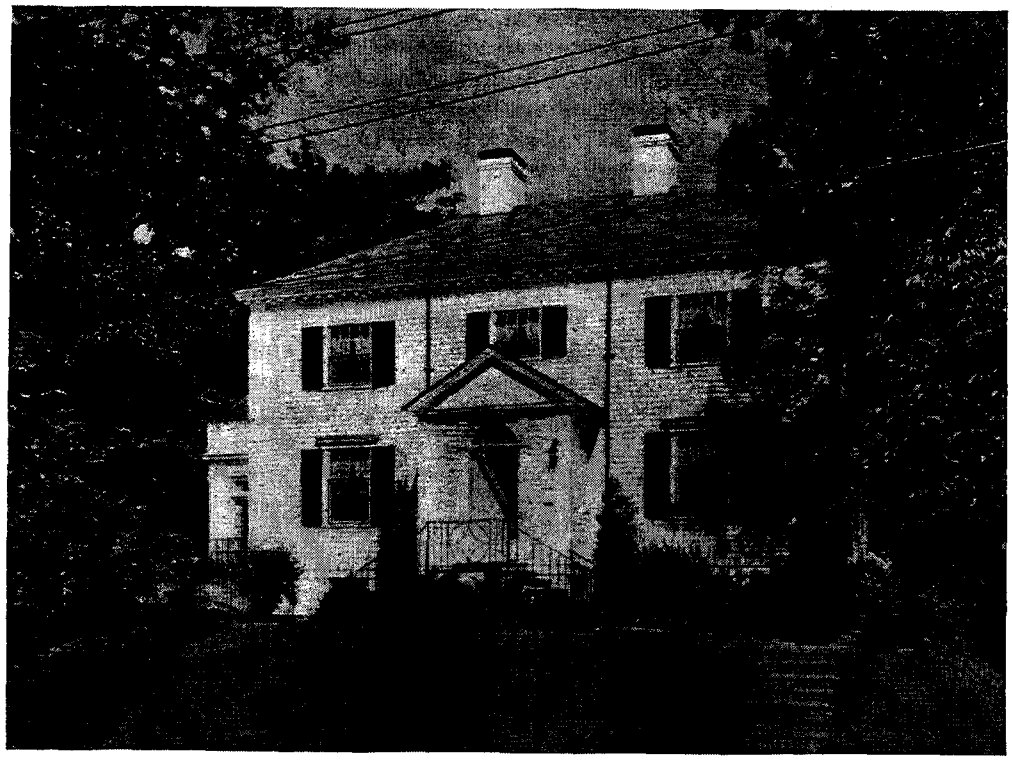


Above, the gold medal winner in the one-story class, Reginald D. Johnson, Los Angeles, architect; "extremely simple in character, charming in detail and an excellent piece of design." Left, an honorable mention in the one-story class, Roland E. Coate, Los Angeles, architect, "for its well-organized plan, simple mass and well-studied proportions and details."

BE it ever so tiny there's room for improvement might be the slogan of Better Homes in America, which since 1922 has been stirring up local volunteer committees over the country to a new pride in their homes. Concluding that it is the small house in particular, the home of families of moderate income, that is most often the House that Jerry Built, the organization last year added to its activities an annual competition for architects for the best small house. A jury of five architects, appointed by the president of the American Institute of Architects, awarded a medal for the best home of the one-story type and a number of honorable mentions. The organization hopes to stimulate entries from most of the states for this winter's competition. The small house, as the jury points out, "is one of the most difficult problems that the architect is called upon to solve."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An honorable mention in the one-and-a-half story class, Raymond J. Percival, Hartford, architect.



An honorable mention in the two-story class, Dwight James Baum, Riverdale, New York City, architect. "A residence of distinguished quality."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Descendants of the original Spanish families ride on ox-carts that are family heirlooms

Three Days of Romance

By REBECCA N. PORTER

Photographs by Jessie Tarbax Beals, Hollywood; J. Walter Collinge, and Obert's, Santa Barbara

IT is mid-August and Fiesta time in Santa Barbara. Down in the Mexican quarter of the city the gala spirit pervades even the most dilapidated shack. From house to house struts Old Jose, a gorgeous figure in green velvet coat, spangled trousers and a tall sombrero. Old Jose is well past seventy, a member of that generation and that race which does not stage a fiesta, but lives it. By profession he is a gardener, but by temperament he is an artist and a bon vivant. If you are a visitor to Santa Barbara's celebration and arrive by train, you will see him down at the station in his startling green coat, weaving in and out in the joyous measures of a Mexican dance. Sometimes a young señorita dances with him, sometimes a plump señora; but always Old Jose is there to usher in Fiesta and pose for the tourist cameras.

Now as he saunters from door to door in the costume which he rents every year from an enchanted store on lower State Street, he is greeted with cries of welcome and of excited invitation. Everybody wants to see him and to show him something. From dim unwholesome corners resplendant garments appear. Not such garments as his, of course, but brave costumes nevertheless; green skirts with gilt braid, bolero jackets with a thin trickle of spangles and sometimes even a yard or so of black lace from the five-and-ten-cent store. Nobody is so poor, apparently as to be unable to afford a Fiesta costume. And not the tiniest child is overlooked. Why two of them indeed, a señor of six and a señorita of five, are to be the star performers at the court house pageant one afternoon. They dance, ah, how they dance! A dance of old Mexico; and the Americans go mad to see them. So Fiesta is not all Spanish, Old Jose reminds them, and he describes the preparations going forward uptown for the Mexican section of the huge parade.

His description may be weak in historical accuracy, but it is vivid in picturization. "Lieutenant Luis Antonio Arguello and his soldiers. Ah, such horses as they ride! And the saddles; so much silver on them that you can see nothing else. And bridles of silver! Have you seen uptown in one of the store windows that old, old Mexican saddle and bridle? It was a gift from a Mexican general to an American governor." Here again historical accuracy fails him, but not the gift of vivid description and the power to rouse his hearers to ecstasy.

An old, old Mexican flag is in another store window and everyone who passes points to it with respect. Ah, it is a great time for Mexicans now. And Old Jose drifts on toward the town.

More and more he and his compatriots are augmenting the colorful pageant which the famous resort city stages every year in the light of the August moon. Many of the most interesting contributions come from that quarter of the town which is subject to social service surveys and the unheralded visits of health officers. For the gift of music is there; songs of Old Mexico which blend harmoniously with the songs of Old Spain. In the open air flower markets,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on the boulevard by the sea and beneath the palm trees in the parks, the Fiesta visitor catches their gay and plaintive note and the languorous accompaniment of the guitar. The gift of dancing is there too. And in the Mexican quarter dancing is not a privilege restricted to the younger generation. Old Jose's contemporaries dance with him to the thunderous applause of the populace.

There are still a few descendants of the old aristocracy left; children of the old colonials of both Spain and Mexico who lend to Fiesta the dignity of a vanished age. At first it was difficult to induce these to participate at all in Fiesta, for they felt keenly their altered economic status. No longer are they able to extend to their friends the lavish hospitality of their forefathers. But gradually they have yielded to the gay good-comradeship of a modern era. In the receiving line at the Fiesta receptions are the stately granddaughters of the old Spanish regime. And in the parade Mexican gentlemen of the old generation doff their sombreros to the ladies as they lean from their silver mounted saddles.

After that glimpse of Old Jose dancing down at the depot, it is not in the least difficult to capture the carnival spirit. It is everywhere. When you have found somebody who will let you rent a living room couch to sleep on, and have parked your suitcase under it, you step into the street and instantly Fiesta embraces you. For every loyal Santa Barbara citizen is in costume. This in itself is an amazing achievement. One is not surprised to see the carefree youth of the city reveling in slashed trousers, ankle-length skirts and embroidered shawls; nor to observe Montecito society alighting from limousines thus attired. For the costume party atmosphere suggests leisure and a complete abandonment to joy.

A colorful crowd at the fruit and flower market

But the spectacle of the hard-working business and professional class hurrying to offices and shops garbed as caballeros and dancing girls is, for the moment, breath-taking. In the romantic era which they are reproducing, nobody worried much about offices and shops. Only a dauntless American would attempt the feat of dressing for the languorous days of Spanish supremacy and doing the work of hustling America. But there is a delicious congruity in it sometimes. You may long have entertained the secret suspicion that your banker was a bandit. To encounter him suddenly in his private office actually garbed as one is a startling but immensely enjoyable experience. So is the spectacle of the surgeon (who is to operate on you next Tuesday morning) alighting from his car in the habiliments of a medieval executioner.

Upon viewing this pageant of townspeople suddenly transformed into their favorite characters, one is apt to murmur that all-explanatory word, "Hollywood." Nothing could be farther from the truth nor from the real spirit of the celebration. For in putting over her Fiesta, Santa Barbara accomplishes two notable feats. She eliminates both Hollywood and the advertiser. Nowhere, during all that three day festival is there any suggestion either of the movie actor or the salesman. Even the theater programs omit mention of who made the wigs or where to go for authentic sashes. This alone would serve to make the Fiesta unique among modern American celebrations.

The last fête was unique even among previous local ones in that it was prefaced by the formal dedication of the city's spectacular new Court-House. I capitalize the word for the same reason that I should capitalize the White House. It stands supreme not only among the court-houses of this country but of the world. Around it Santa Barbara centered her huge Fiesta; on it she has expended approximately one and a half million dollars. And it will be almost as difficult to describe as to pay for. The Spanish ambassador, viewing it recently, was heard to murmur as he gazed through a Moorish arch at a Gothic tower and Greek pillars, "You say this is modeled on something in Spain: I have never seen anything like it in Spain . . . nor anywhere else."

Nobody has. It is breath-taking. It combines a court-house, a hall of records and a jail in one building as bizarre as it is beautiful. Illumined by the moonlight of a summer night, it seems an enchanted place.

It was, of course, inevitable that the governor should be invited to dedicate it. Almost as inevitable was his enthusiastic acceptance of the honor and his substitution at the last moment of a deputy. But this alteration in the program caused not the least ripple of regret. To the vast throng gathered in that superb patio that summer afternoon, one political speaker was as good as another. No speaker could have held the attention of that audience in that place. Their interest was riveted upon señoritas in lace mantillas and shawls, ascending and descending the coy little stairway that winds inside and then outside of the snow white building; upon gaily garbed Mexicans in tall sombreros, upon Indian chiefs in feathers and paint, upon Chinese in torquoise

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

coats, upon Italians and Dutchmen and Swedes in peasant costumes. A chorus of Spanish children sang, a Negro baby cried, two Mexican children danced. In that patio, dotted with banana and pepper trees, the citizens of every country merged in one colorful unit. It was that curious and vivid and intricate mosaic . . . America.

On that same evening the Old Mission, queen of all the early California missions, staged upon its ancient steps, a semi-religious pageant. In Santa Barbara, as in every other community built around one of these pioneer churches, the early padres picked the choicest spot in town for their site. It overlooks the city and the sea and is flanked by inscrutable, haze-veiled mountains. When the Old Mission bells chimed the hour of eight, the throng of spectators seated on the ground beneath the gnarled pepper trees, drew in a sharp breath. For the stately edifice was suddenly enveloped in the rosy glow of colored torches and in every turret appeared the brown-robed figure of a priest. Trumpeters blew a welcome from the old bell-tower and the tender summer twilight was illumined with baskets of fire flowers which shot upward unfolding their colored petals in the sky and falling downward, like dream blossoms, toward an earth which they never reached.

This señor of six and this señorita of five are star performers

Then, from the branches of one of the ancient pepper trees, came the all-pervasive but never obtrusive voice of an announcer interpreting the story which the padres and their carefully trained assistants enacted in pantomime on the Mission steps. It was the story of discovery, of religious zeal, of sacrifice, of exploitation, of toil and of festival which is Santa Barbara's history. Indian converts toiling at the handmade bricks with which to construct the church, an ox-cart, bringing laughing señoritas to a wedding feast, horsemen dashing in with official messages, love-making, singing, dancing, and in the background the low, beautiful voices of the priests chanting an accompaniment. All this enacted on the steps of a building that, in those early days, was not merely a church but the very core of the community life.

Every loyal citizen is in costume

When the formal program was ended, the populace crowded the old corridors to partake of Spanish hospitality as dispensed by the organization of Native Daughters and the padres. There was laughter and gay greeting and the music of guitars and the clink of punch glasses as a modern sophisticated city returned to the pulsing present and left the past to brood upon its tragedies, its comedies and its unanswered prayers.

Interest and civic pride centers the next day upon the Big Parade. This event, like the mission pageant, is a re-enactment of history. It is history told in the two favorite American forms . . . costuming and transportation. To the average American there is something immensely diverting in the dress of a bygone era and discarded means of getting about. And so it was a breathlessly absorbed crowd who lined the main street and the beach boulevard to watch the procession of ox-carts, old Wells Fargo stages, covered wagons, horseback riders, victorias and spring-wagons. "Episodes in the History of Santa Barbara." The official program thus announced them. And with meticulous precision each event was conceived and executed.

There was the Indian Period, illustrated by bronzed and befeathered braves, tramping down the long boulevard fiercely impervious to a merciless midsummer sun; the Mexican Period represented by the picturesque Arguello and his soldiers; the English Period with the level-eyed Sir Francis Drake; Mexicans, Mission Fathers, Freebooters, and so on down the long and colorful line to the comedy finale of buggies full of pioneers, mule-carts full of miners, the city's first fire engine and a bride and groom in their wedding finery riding a prancing pony.

It was as history that it was presented. But it was not as history that the gaily costumed spectators viewed it. For no combination of art and archives ever contrived could raise a small town parade above the level of its neigh-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

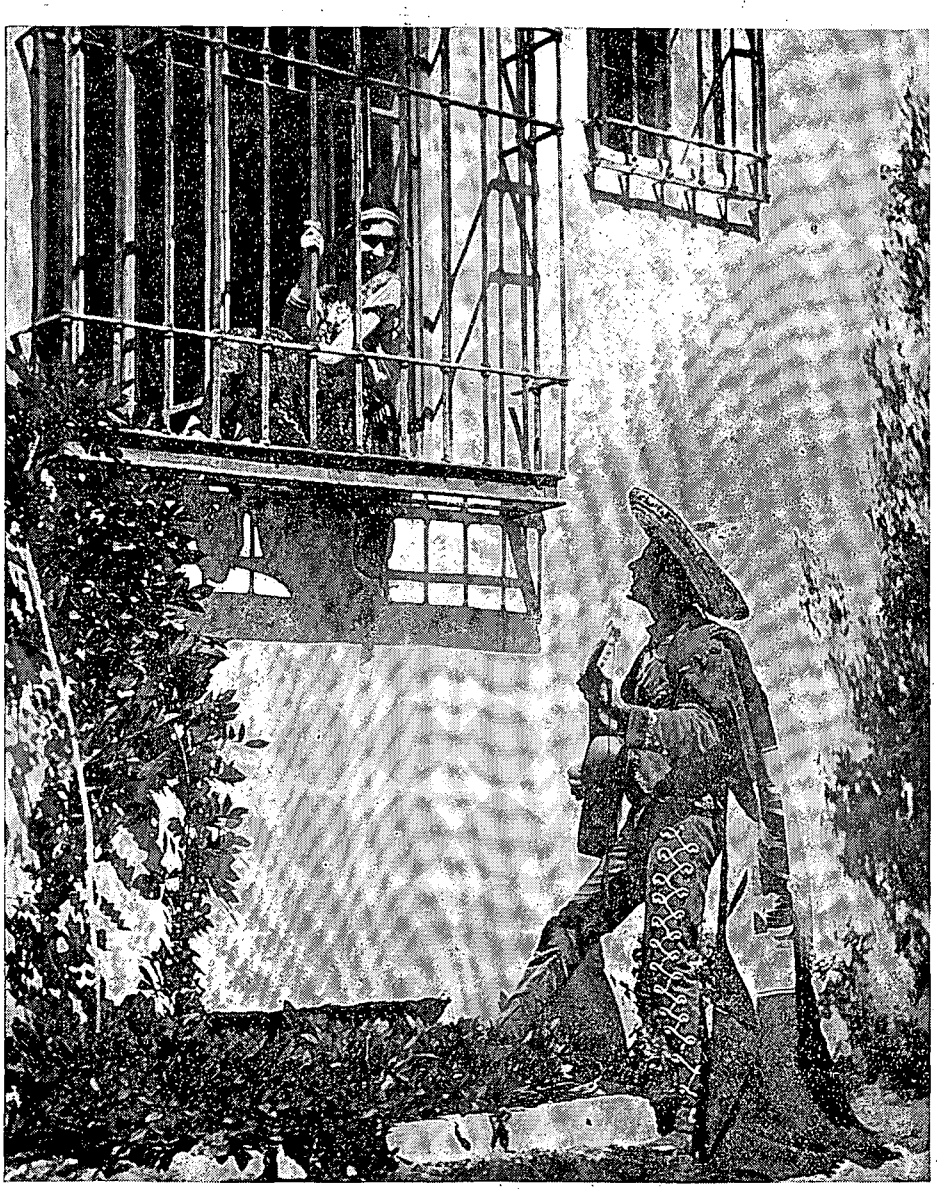
borly appeal. Probably no native townsperson in all that vast assemblage made any effort to submerge the personalities of the pageant in the rôles portrayed. Nobody was heard to murmur, "So that is how Portola looked when he walked into Santa Barbara!" or "What a wonderful reproduction of the Chumach Indian tribes!"

One heard instead the delighted squeal of somebody who recognized among the austere soldiery of Cabrillo the auto salesman who had just sold him his new car. And an excited voice was raised above the majestic beating of military drums to inform a visitor that "That cowboy on the sorrel stallion, the third from this side, is the man who delivers my laundry." And the cry of loyal friendship ringing out ardently, "Well what do you know about Bud Hicks! That *is* Bud with the Spanish dirk. He makes a hot pirate. Give him a hand!"

In curious contrast with the carefully authentic costuming of the participants in the parade are the costumes of the spectators. For although Fiesta is supposed to be pan-Spanish, with some colorful assistance from the Mexican quarter, one sees on the street every kind of garb that a lively imagination and the family attic can devise. The dignified descendants of the old Spanish families, parading in their sedate victorias, garbed in their beautiful mantillas and embroidered shawls, would be immensely diverted at these efforts at imitation were they not too deeply absorbed in their memories to notice them. Freedom of self-expression produces during Fiesta practically every kind of outlandish costume that there is except the Santa Claus suit.

It is not surprising that the men, who always have such meager opportunities to indulge their tastes in color and design, should "go Spanish" with such abandon. But when, all summer long you have watched the women of the community disporting themselves in sunback bathing suits, their return en masse to any costume at all, is revolutionary. One has the impression that the entire feminine population is suddenly swadded in clothes.

Following the viewing of the parade the proper procedure is to attend the public reception at the old de la Guerra house, where descendants of the city's most aristocratic Spanish families dispense the lavish hospitality of pioneer days. And of all the events in the crowded fiesta program this afternoon reception is perhaps the most significant in revealing the real fiesta spirit. In the hospitable open doorways of the old adobe, once the center of the social life of the city, daughters of the old aristocracy, in their high combs and lustrous shawls, welcome their guests. It is said (and after viewing the fiesta crowd one easily believes it) that it takes three generations of aristocracy to know how to wear a shawl. Here one sees them worn with grace and charm. And in the open patio one sees strangely incongruous sights; an old Mexican almost eighty, garbed in the pathetic but gallant finery of a second hand costume shop, strums a guitar and takes a few sprightly steps of an old country dance. In the days of Spanish supremacy which Santa Barbara is recalling to life, he never would have been allowed inside this haughty garden. Now he and others of his humble class are here, and make unmolested their merry contribution to Fiesta. Nothing is said about this amazing revolution. American democracy is not at its best as a talkie. It is as silent drama that it gropes for and reaches the heart of the nation.



Gilt braid, bolero jacket, spangles, a flaring cape. Thus the fiesta troubadour

Quite a different but just as moving a spectacle is the Children's Parade staged by Recreation Center, attended by everyone who feels a pull toward childhood, and participated in by every youngster in the community who has a yearning for drama and the means of getting into town. Many of the children display their pets, pets ranging all the way in esthetic appeal from perfect little Shetland ponies to lame roosters. It is childhood's gorgeous opportunity to "tell the world" of its loves and loyalties. But it is basely unfair. It is always

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

unfair for any human being under the age of twelve years to compete in a public entertainment with adults. For one wistful-eyed youngster dragging a mangy cat on a disabled scooter can get more enthusiastic applause than the amalgamated memberships of the Elks, the Rotarians and the D. A. R. staging a life-saving stunt.

Somewhere in the fiesta program is another pageant at the court-house (now appropriately dedicated to public entertainment). This is staged by the Spanish and Mexicans themselves in the vast patio. More dancing, more singing, more castanets. More señoritas descending that irresistible stairway and registering innocent surprise when entreated by photographers to pose for a "close-up." The Ruiz-Botello pageant might better have been named the "Dance of the Cameramen." They are everywhere. So is the audience. For the American temperament is not adapted, as is the English, to formal open-air entertainment. An English crowd will wait, immovable, for hours to see royalty pass. And when royalty is passing it still remains immovable. There is, among the spectators, a kind of tacit understanding that if you move in front of somebody else you will probably shut off his view. Americans do not and never have subscribed to this theory. They believe that, by some curious magic, their heads become transparent in a crowd. Out of this creed has evolved our great national yell, "Down in front!"

In this instance it proved quite impotent. Only about a hundred persons saw the first part of the show. These ere the ones who, at the first sound of music, left the places where they were sitting on the lawn, and massed themselves at the foot of the stage. The announcer implored them in three different languages to resume their seats. Then he had an inspiration that amounted to genius. Stepping up to the microphone he broadcasted to a listening nation this sinister announcement. "All motorists who have parked their cars on this block will please move them within five minutes or they will be tagged." When these stampeders returned they were willing to take their places decorously on the ground. Two tiny Mexican children climaxed this program with a rapturous native dance.

Of course there is a fiesta play running every night to houses that have been sold out for weeks. This play turns out to be less a drama than an outlet for more terpsichorean talent. Following the fiesta tradition, it begins bravely as history, but becomes completely swamped in the second act by stunts. Nobody is quite certain in the end whether the town is sacked or saved. But nobody cares either, for free coffee is being served in the foyer, and if you hurry there is time to attend the street dance.

As a climax to the whole celebration, there is the Pageant of Pageants in the highschool stadium, on Saturday night. People fight for tickets to this. Admittance is almost as hopeless for the late comer as admittance to an intercollegiate football game. But all the bold adventurers did not pass away with the supremacy of old Spain. There are still those who will take a chance for the mere sake of chance. One of these, trusting to a dim light and a harassed usher, succeeded in "crashing" the show on a hat check from a popular local hotel.

And it is the kind of show that justifies such entry. It includes in its rollicking makeup absolutely everything that an exuberant romance-seeker could desire. Ushered in by the entrance of some of the finest horseflesh in the nation, it sweeps on its gorgeous, hilarious way, combining the elements of the rodeo, the vaudeville stage and grand opera.

Old Spain—and the Fiesta

These episodes are the successive peaks of the Old Spanish Days Fiesta. But the out-of-town visitor could throw away his official program and have a vivid three days watching the crowds, visiting the open air fruit and flower markets at El Paseo, dancing in the street and following the strolling musicians who wander through shops and cafés.

As the tourist pauses during his luncheon to listen to the plaintive voices singing to accompaniment of guitar and mandoline, he is impressed by the fact that the reason why these songs of old Spain so move and satisfy is that he cannot understand the words, which are inane and repetitious. One of the women who trained a group of children for a street chorus expressed this truth when they came up one evening to serenade her. "It's dear of them, of course," she murmured to her family, "and I'd get a big kick out of it if only I didn't understand every fool word of those songs."

Her comment strikes at the very core of all successful merrymaking. To try to mine a meaning out of pleasure is always a mistake. The idea of the annual celebration started when, six years ago, Santa Barbara was moved to dedicate her new Lobero theater. But that occasion is scarcely remembered by some of the young people of the community, whose eyes turn ever to the rising, not the setting years. Many of these and most of the city's visitors would be quite unable to answer the query "Why is Fiesta?" It is one of those gala events which is its own justification.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Miss Ross' Girls

By SARAH CLEGHORN and DOROTHY CANFIELD

IF you lived in North Dakota and wanted to set out fruit trees, where would you buy your stock? From a nursery in Georgia or from one in Minnesota? You wouldn't need any horticultural expert to tell you which to choose, would you? Roots of proved vitality which have already endured and thriven in a climate like the one where they must be planted—that's what we are all looking for, of course, both in fruit trees and in institutions. And that's the reason for calling your attention, you other Americans troubled about prison life, to Riverside in Rutland, Vermont. It is home-grown from its root, which is a deep honest sense of human decency and dignity, up to the ingeniously contrived Yankee devices for conquering material difficulties which flower so abundantly in all the corners of this unique undertaking.

What is Riverside? You will notice perhaps a certain vagueness in our language about it. "Institution," we say, "Riverside," "undertaking." What can we do? Miss Ross won't let us say "prison" or "house of correction." Perhaps we may be permitted to say that it is the institution in Vermont which corresponds to institutions in other states, known variously as "the Women's Prison," "the Female House of Correction," "the Women's Penitentiary," and that it contains offenders against the law called in other states "female criminals," called in Vermont by Miss Ross "Our girls." There are usually about seventy-five of them, about half from outside the state sent in to Riverside by the federal government because it hasn't enough room in its own prisons for all its women criminals; and half from Vermont, sent in for misdeeds varying from murder to selling bootleg whiskey. The thirty or more Vermont offenders are varied in type, more often underprivileged both as to intelligence and training than actively, wilfully vicious. Those sent by the federal government are usually, so to speak, professionally criminal.

Now you know what Riverside is and what kind of women are sent there by the courts. Let me tell you next who is at the head of it. Her name is Lena Ross and she is just such a person as perhaps is teaching the first or second grade in the public school nearest to you, that is, if that person is a steady, middle-aged experienced woman who has (as probably yours has) for several decades taught all kinds of little Americans: problem children (both rich and poor) and slum children and difficult children. But mostly lots and lots of normal, hearty life-loving little organisms who have tempered her faith in human health till it is like Toledo steel for strength and flexibility.

What makes us so sure that Miss Ross is just like a first-grade teacher in a public school? Because that is just what she was for twenty-five years. That life provided most of the "training" for her rare and wonderful work at Riverside. For a quarter of a century she taught little American children, coming and going freely as "teacher" in the homes, inconceivably various, from which they came to her classroom. She saw many of the homes from which criminals and paupers usually emerge, but unlike a professional social worker she saw many many more which produce healthy, satisfactory well-balanced citizens, men and women. When a new woman prisoner—she would perhaps allow us to call "prisoner" the woman as she arrives at Riverside, just out of jail and the court-room—comes to her door, hard, reckless, inwardly despairing, outwardly callous, ignorant of anything which would have made life tolerable to her, Miss Ross knows exactly the kind of home which has produced her. But far more important than this information, she has, as part of every fiber of her heart and brain, a knowledge of the salvation that comes to human beings in other homes from the plainest, homeliest provision for meeting fundamental human needs.

She had, of course, like most reliable conscientious wheel-horses in American public schools, much experience, along with her classroom work, of outside charitable work. Acquaintance with the families of her poorer children meant going into the poorer quarters of the town or off on the miserable back-roads where they live, and that meant knowing about their neighbors. She became, naturally, chairman of this charitable organization and secretary of that one and became so well known for her good judgment and success in dealing with needy people that when the Vermont State Board of Charities decided to send out a first woman field-worker they did not choose a young woman with two or three years of training in a school for social service, but the middle-aged Rutland school teacher with twenty-five years of self-training.

AND then in 1921 occurred a small incident in the administration of Vermont institutions, such as often happens in the uneasy shifting about of state-managed organizations. The Legislature voted (no need to go into the details of why) to return the women prisoners of the state from Windsor to Rutland, to the forbidding old House of Correction which stood with its stone floors, cells, heavy bars, opaque windows and general dreariness as a monument to the older idea of prisons.

You can imagine, if you have lived in a small city like Rutland where everybody knows everybody else and all that is happening, the prodigious lack of enthusiasm on the part of Rutland people when this decision was made known. They thought their protest came from a natural unwillingness to have in their midst a group of degraded human beings whose very presence, together with the hideous machinery of repression and constraint needed to keep them harmless, would be depressing and contaminating. From what has actually happened it seems likely that their protest came more from an equally natural and very creditable although unconscious horror of the dreadfulness of the old-time prison. You'll hear later on in this article what Rutland people now feel about Riverside.

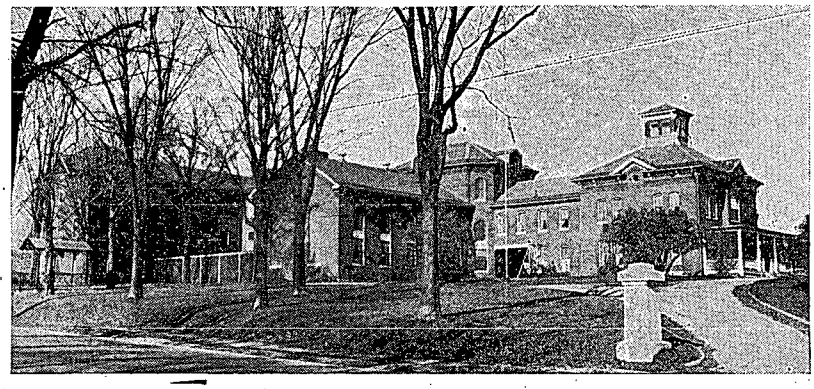
The fine humane old man (we say old because we're writing for non-Vermonters. Inside the state we don't call seventy-four old) who is now Governor Weeks of Vermont

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was then Judge Weeks, director of state institutions. With the intimate personal knowledge of fellow Vermonters based on years of observation only possible in a sparsely settled state with a small population and very "sot" habits of staying in the same place, Judge Weeks knew Miss Ross—better than she knew herself. "You're the woman to take charge of that place," he told her, with conviction.

"What an idea!" said Miss Ross. "I never heard of anything so preposterous. I've had no training, no experience—how could I undertake such a difficult job?"

The judge did not answer. Vermonters don't argue. He sat quiet, looking at her, at her kind wise eyes with the humorous glint, at the serene expression of her face, the expression of one emancipated from the tyranny of self. He let her talk till she had said out all the many unanswerable proofs that she was not the right person. Then he asked, "Lena, wouldn't you like to scrape the gray paint off those windows and let the women see the mountains?"



The State Prison and House of Correction for Women at Rutland, Vermont; and Lena Ross, superintendent extraordinary

Helplessly she cried, "Oh, I've longed to do that for twenty years!" and fell into a silence, thinking rapidly what belongings of hers she could take over to humanize the buildings beyond the river. And when the news spread through Rutland that their old schoolmate and neighbor, Lena Ross, was going to undertake it, the very people who most vociferously didn't want the prison in Rutland at all began calling her up on the telephone and saying, "Lena, if you're really going to take over that House of Correction you'll need some furniture and we can let you have five chairs and a table."

The vision she had had for twenty years, of scraping off the dark gray paint that concealed the sweet beauty of the mountains from the prisoners' cells, soon and vigorously came true. Then why should the walls and ceiling be dark gray, either? She had them painted canary color.

The Legislature of 1923 had by an appropriation made it possible to remodel or build anew. People are glad now that the old buildings weren't sold, weren't pulled down, weren't left for a new site. Miss Ross looked them over with her Vermontish genius for taking the neglected tools that lie at hand, and showing how well fitted they are after all to remould things nearer to the heart's desire. What is now the dining-room at Riverside was a solid cell-block. With the Legislature's welcome appropriation and the cordial understanding of Judge Weeks, Miss Ross had the concrete hewed away and made a room with windows, space, air, eye-satisfying proportions, reposeful colors. She filled it with small tables, seating four; put white and blue curtains at the windows; and on the walls hung pictures of ocean and river and childhood and motherhood.

"From the day I took over the work," Miss Ross declares, "Governor Weeks has been my teacher and inspiration. Governor Proctor, too, has been a tower of strength to me. All the officials have helped me—really it's been a cooperative adventure; I hope you won't put into that article the idea that I worked these things out alone!"

Come in and look at the kitchen. Do you see that one of its three outside doors opens to the afternoon sun, on a court with a lattice fence? There used to be a solid brick wall eighteen feet high closing in that court. Two or three of Miss Ross' girls are resting out there, sitting on a bench on the bright grass. Inside too the sun shines and the breeze blows. "This sunny, open, homelike place," says Miss Ross, with a trueborn Vermonter's many-meaning'd smile, "costs much less than bolts, bars, heavy furniture and the many many guards used elsewhere, as expensive as they are deadening to the soul."

In that kitchen, when a Riverside girl has a birthday, her friends make her a birthday cake. In that dining-room, for birthdays and holidays they decorate the tables and make a festival of supper. Did you ever hear of prisoners having parties? Riverside has had a wedding breakfast. For health, human beings must have light and air—inexpensive commodities usually expensively shut away from prisoners. But they need work too, just as bitterly. "I wanted to give them some real womanized work which could be competently handled," said Miss Ross, "without expensive equipment and supervision. I thought," said she, "of laundry work. No, I didn't advertise or anything. I just told some of my friends if they'd send us their laundry we'd do it. Some people I realized might be afraid to send their belongings here. They might be afraid something might be stolen. But Rutland people didn't seem to be afraid." (You see they had known Lena Ross for some fifty years.)

This, by the way, is one of Miss Ross's great qualities. It never seems to cross her mind that she will need to do anything alone. She counts on her friends and they respond accordingly; so that whatever she tries to do she has troops of helpers.

"Well, our first month's *gross* receipts," said she, still giving the history of Riverside's flourishing laundry, "were twenty-five dollars. What do you think Judge Weeks said? 'Splendid!'" Miss Ross laughed. "In the beginning, you know, there were only four set tubs and flatirons heated on the kitchen stove. Now don't you want to come and see the laundry? . . . Here you see we have three washing machines,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

family size, fourteen self-standing ironing boards, each with its electric iron, of course, and two mangles, broad and narrow."

The washroom and the ironing room, one above the other, were airy, light and cool. (It was an August day.) Their generous windows, as in the other rooms, run all along the side.

"Yes, twenty-five dollars was our first gross receipts. And now that we've been doing laundry work for seven years we almost pay the whole living expenses of Riverside."

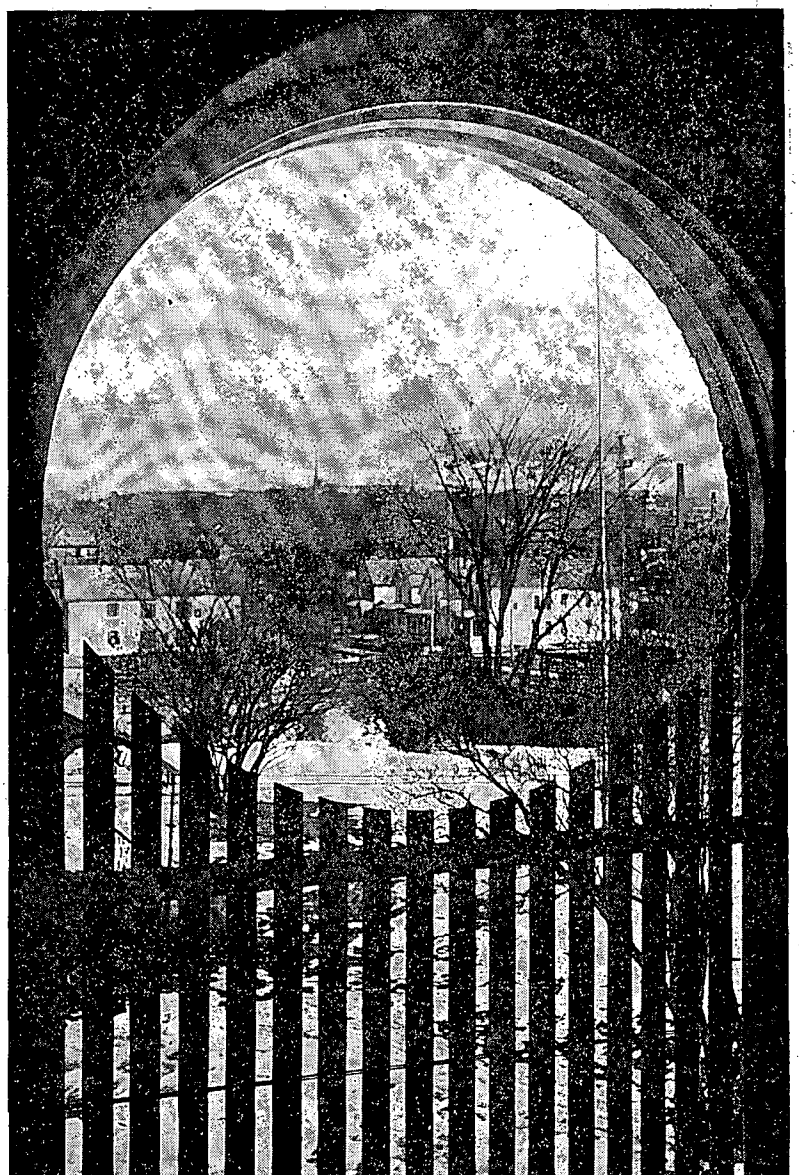
"What! you mean the cost of food and shelter? .... and that's sufficiently wonderful. You wouldn't mean to include staff salaries, doctor's bills, anything like that?"

"Oh yes I do! Including salaries, doctor's bills and so forth, our laundry *almost* supports us. In 1929, we were only $1063 short of covering our total living expenses. And out of that, we paid bonuses to the girls. They get three to six dollars a month themselves, and we lay aside a dollar a month for each one for their 'discharge money.' But that's the least of what the laundry does. It builds up healthy pride, and workmanlike responsibility and social solidarity. It's a common thing for one of the girls to suggest some way of saving money or increasing the income. One woman, when we were having so much trouble to find a man who'd keep the furnaces going properly, said, 'Why not let me take care of those furnaces? I could do it perfectly well, and we'd save money to buy something we need.'"

"How many workers are there running this laundry?"

"Well, we average a total population of seventy; and it takes almost half of them to run the institution. The rest work in the laundry; thirty-five to forty."

In another room, the work-room, we asked idly, looking at an ordinary door, "Where does that lead to?"



For twenty years Lena Ross had wanted to scrape off the dull paint from windows such as this

"To the street," said Miss Ross, "and it's not locked."

We looked around. A group of women actively came and went at their work but with no signs of a guard anywhere in sight. "Whom do you have with this group of pris—your girls?" we asked.

"A matron."

"But where is she?"

Miss Ross looked and said carelessly, "She might just have stepped out somewhere for a few minutes."

This was too much. We drew her back into a corner and said sternly, "Now come, no nonsense, you *must* have runaways! How many have you had in the nine years you've been here?"

"Three Federals," she replied, "and they were still in a drug-crazed condition before they got their health and spirits back. They weren't hard to find either. It never has cost the State of Vermont one penny to recover runaways. They were brought back by the federal government."

"Not another one?" we urged.

"Well, yes, one Vermont girl ran away after she'd been here a short time, but before I got around to starting out to look for her a man who keeps a little general store back in the mountains called us up on the telephone: 'Say, Miss Ross,' he said, 'one of your girls has just come in and wants us to telephone you to come and get her.'"

"But what *do* you do to make them act so?" we asked, baffled.

On her Jane-Addams-like face, usually set in a reticent Vermont expression of practical matter-of-fact common sense, came a look that was half exaltation, half indignation. She flashed out briefly, passionately, "I treat them the way I'd like to be treated myself if I had to come to a place like this."

So simple as that, oh Galilean wanderer, who told us this recipe so many centuries ago. We were a little abashed, as all moderns are by a glimpse, even a passing one, of a Christian soul. But we persisted in our cross-questioning, groping for some machinery to report to a world that puts its faith in machinery and organization.

"Well now, come right down to concrete details. Suppose now that you get in a woman prisoner, rotten with venereal disease, as many of them might be on arriving, without an ideal in her head, healthless, vicious, violent, unclean. What is the first thing you do for her—and the next

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Playtime. A picnic at Lake Bomoseen and a birthday party in the plant-green dining-room

and the next? You don't put her right away in a room with an unlocked door opening on the street?"

"I'm not a born idiot," Miss Ross answered us, unnecessarily. "Of course I don't. First of all we look after her physically. She goes into our hospital for a fortnight, and the hospital door's locked. But we all, matrons and girls, run in and out of the light, airy room, more or less during that period and get acquainted with her. The girls who have been there some time are splendid about that. They help get the new ones settled much better than we do. They know what to say to them. And the new ones believe what the girls say about Riverside when they wouldn't believe us.

The newcomers rest, in bed if they're pretty sick, as many of them are on coming, have a thorough medical examination, just what anyone ought to have once in so often, and they are treated for whatever's the matter. For instance, a repeated offender, a very hard case, a woman nobody had ever been able to 'make any impression upon,' was sent in a few years ago from the north of the state. When she came in, we noticed that she held her head over to one side. She kept continually wagging her head. We asked her if she were in pain, and she said drearily, 'Oh yes—it hurts all the time.' She had double mastoid! We sent for the best specialist we could get. You know that's one great thing about the State of Vermont. It isn't a rich state, but it never sets a limit on the amount to be spent for its sick prisoners and other dependents. We sent that woman to the Rutland hospital (for we never have serious operations done here) and we pulled her back to health.

"It seemed to make a great impression on her. From that time she changed, completely changed. She's never been in a court-room since but once; and then it was to testify as a witness in another case. But when she finished her testimony she asked for a minute longer. She told the judge she wanted to thank him for sending her to Riverside for that was the first place where she was ever treated as if her health and happiness were of any importance. 'Why, Judge,' she said, 'they called in the best specialist in Rutland!'

"Out of twenty-five women who entered, syphilitic, twenty-one showed before they left, completely negative tests. We try to take the tests three times at least to be sure. Two weeks of quiet, cleanliness, rest and security—they can read or sew or knit or write letters or sing, or anything they like—in the hospital with some friendly talks every day, usually get them far enough along the good road so that they enter into our community life when they come out. I tell them myself something like this: 'See here, it's hard on you to be shut up here, and I wouldn't like it a bit if I were you. But there's no getting around it, it's got to be lived through. Now we, here, think it's much better to try to get through it as comfortably as we can instead of as uncomfortably. We haven't a thing to do with you being sent here, so it's really not fair to try to take it out on us.

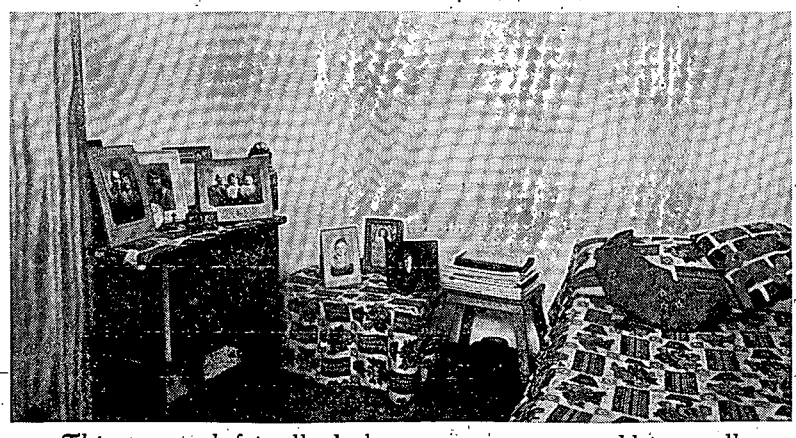
WE try our best to make these years of your life a time when you'll get your health back, learn things that you never had a chance to before, and go out with a better chance of amounting to something. Most of our girls do, after they leave here. We've had about 370 go through Riverside in the ten years since I've been here, and only four Vermont girls and two Federals ever came back to us on a second court charge. You just think it over. Talk with some of the girls who've been here awhile. They really know about it, from the inside of course.'" As she thus gave us some idea of how she presented her ideas to the helpless creatures who come under her care, her face shone with a sisterly reasonableness.

"Where do the Federals mostly come from?" we asked.

"Illinois, Maryland, Pennsylvania—all over the country east of the Mississippi. At first we had more southern girls. Have I told you about Rose? Rose was a southern woman. When she came here she had a record of twenty-one escapes from jail. The guard that brought her in called us aside and said, 'This woman is dangerous. She's just laid two men out cold.'"

"What did she do here?"

"Ran away first thing with another girl. They were two out of the three who did. The government always brings



This personal friendly bedroom was once an oldtime cell

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

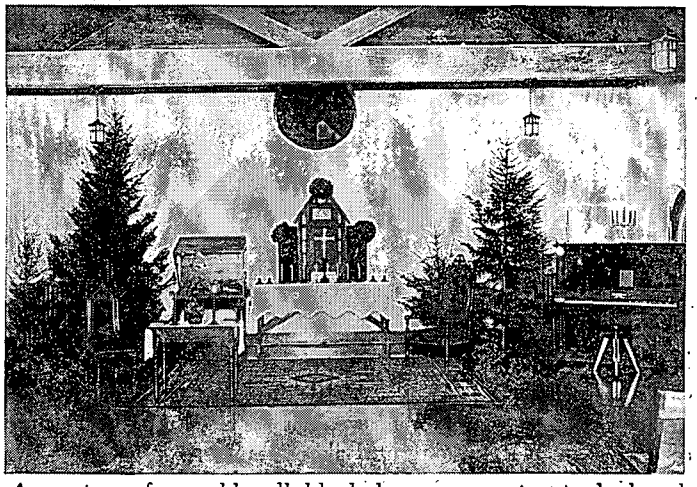
them back. But then they only leave them here while they make arrangements to have them transferred to another prison.

When Rose and this other girl, Lottie was her name, were brought back, one of the matrons overheard Rose saying, 'We were a couple of fools to escape from this place. Serve us right if we get into a different one. I wish I hadn't done it.' We thought if Rose felt that way, we'd ask to have her left here after all, and she turned out a prize girl. She was a mainstay of Riverside. She put her strength into the place and when her time was up I hated to lose her; and she wouldn't have gone and left us either if she hadn't had a mother to support.

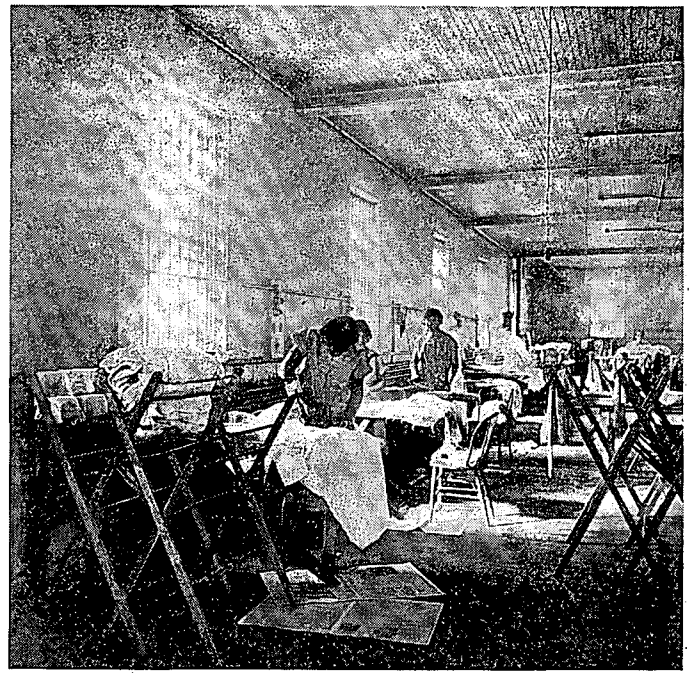
"Yes, we used to have a good many Southerners. I'd like to tell about Nannie. Nannie was a splendid woman! She was a six-foot-four South Carolina mountaineer and the mother of sixteen children. She was sent here for selling liquor. When they arrested her and told her they were going to send her to a prison in the North, one of her neighbors said, 'Those damned Yankees will treat you worse than other people because they hate a Southerner. They'll take you out and turn an ice-cold hose on you. That'll be the first thing they'll do.' Well, when Nannie arrived she looked half frozen anyway, in a thin muslin dress, I sent right off for a cup of hot coffee for her. She told me afterwards that she expected from moment to moment we'd turn the hose on her; and she thought the coffee was to keep her from collapsing under it. All that day she was expecting to be called into the yard to be doused. She was committed for six months; but after three months here she got word that her husband was very sick. I wrote the federal government asking for a pardon, which was granted. She got home before he died. 'My man knew me,' she wrote, and what more could she have said when she added, 'I send ye some pinks from the coffin.'

"I get letters from her every once in a while. She'd like to come back and visit. She told me she owed the federal government a 'great favor'; 'I never got such kind treatment anywhere else as I got from the Yankees. Those damned Yankees,' she said, 'are the whitest folks I ever saw.'

"Well, here's the recreation room," said Miss Ross. "And here's the chapel." The chapel gave the most singular sense of freedom. Such windows! Wide casements, fully open, they seemed to rise from below the floor and give the floor itself the summer breeze and radiance. We thought Miss



A section of an old cell block becomes an inspired chapel



The laundry builds up healthy pride and responsibility

Ross must have invented these windows, that they must have been a work of architectural inspiration; but no, they were works of that higher inspiration that turns awkward, stubborn materials into engines of beauty. For when we spoke of them and said they seemed to bring the horizon indoors, Miss Ross exclaimed, "Oh those windows! They were such a problem! But this whole chapel was such a succession of thorny problems! The builders tried to plaster over that round window over the altar and do the walls a solid glaring white. I caught them just in time to prevent it." The walls are a mellow pearly color. "They wanted to box in those iron bolts on the beams—those attractive bolts! I caught them in time." (Isn't perhaps an eager sense of form and proportion a vital thing for one who means to help rebuild human nature in a comelier form?)

"Then this chapel isn't new, any more than that pleasant dining-room? What was this to begin with?"

"A cell block—like the dining-room."

A cell block! This gracious room, full, as all Riverside was of sun, air and summer, and over and above that full of calm and dignity, faith in divine and human nature—made out of a cell block?

> "The statue," Buonarroti said, "doth wait
> Thralled in the block, for me to emancipate."

"My cousins the So-and-Sos, and my neighbors the Thus-and-Thuses gave us that bishop-looking chair in the chancel and an old cutting table we made into the altar. One of the girls embroidered the altar cloth. The Boys Guild of Trinity Church made the triptych.

"Now shall we go and see the bedrooms?" She didn't call them cells. The last cells we had seen were in a county jail in a comely southern city. Everything in them was soiled, dark, crumpled, musty and thickly, unspeakably dejected. We hadn't really wanted to cloud our impressions of the other rooms by seeing the cells; but when she called them "bedrooms"—"Here they are." A snowy smooth counterpane, opposite this a bureau with bureau scarf, a vase of flowers in front of a photograph, a keepsake or two laid trimly forth—a box or basket, feminine fashion, all in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

order, bright and fresh. All these rooms were so bright, wholesome, clean; only each had individuality expressed in the arrangement. The individual toilets were covered each with a white towel. Along the corridor with primrose-colored walls there were no bars to hinder the sweeping view of the mountains through the wide windows.

"However do you keep such order? What rules and penalties—?"

"THEY learn it from each other," said Miss Ross. "The most I ever have to say to a newcomer is, 'Why So-an-So, we can't have your room looking like this. See how the other girls keep theirs.' Anyhow, they're like everybody else. Most of what they learn they learn from the people around them. Human contacts are as necessary for moral health as air and light and food, and one of the perversest things about prison tradition is that so much energy and money and thought are expended in keeping away from the inmates what would do them the most good. That's one of the things I like about laundry work for our girls. We can't send for and deliver clothes. They're brought by the families who have their washing done with us. And that means a natural coming and going, in and out of the laundry room, of whole, decent human beings. They get to know the girls the way you know anybody who works for you. Sometimes when a girl is missing, a lady who's come for her laundry will ask, 'Why, where's Ellen today?' and will listen, when she's told that Ellen has a sore throat, or is in the visitor's room with her mother. That simple 'Why, where's Ellen today?' is worth everything as part of the human atmosphere they need. They have each other of course all the time. Real friendships are made here. And they enjoy too the meetings of the various kinds that come here."

"Meetings! Who meets here?"

"Well, people are interested in Riverside you know, awfully friendly, and various organizations have met out here for a morning's conference or to have lunch as part of a visit to us. The Rotary Club sometimes has lunch here. And a state association of clergymen recently had their lunch with us. And the state conference of the Four H Clubs. One of the women's clubs occasionally comes here instead of going to a hotel for lunch. Our girls cook and serve the meal; they wait on the tables and set them too, very nicely.

"It does them any amount of good to come in such natural contact with ordinary nice people that way—helps build up self-respect and confidence, gets them out of that alley-cat expectation that any decently dressed person is going to throw a stone at them.

"Rutland people have been perfectly splendid about Riverside, anyhow. It's wonderful what they think of. For instance, somebody has given us the use of a cottage at Lake Bomoseen—you know what a pretty place that is. I couldn't begin to tell you how our girls enjoy an occasional day outdoors."

We suppressed natural exclamations of astonishment and asked, notebook in hand, "Now just how do you organize such expeditions outside the prison?"

"How does anybody organize a day's picnic? A matron takes a crowd of from nine to twelve over in a couple of cars—friends give the use of their cars. They go in bathing, and lie around on the grass, and make an open fire (many of them do it for the first time in their lives there), roast potatoes, broil bacon, boil coffee, skip stones over the water. . . . What do people do on picnics?"

We opened our mouths to cry incredulously, "Nine to twelve active woman criminals out in the country with one middle-aged matron in charge," and remembering the record of practically no runaways decided it would be better not to speak.

We were by this time in the office where a secretary was going through a great pile of papers. "I wish I could file every one of these," she told us, "old girls writing 'home' as they say, reporting their progress, asking if they can come back for Christmas; wardens from other states making appointments to come to see how Riverside does it; letters from officials of towns where our girls come from. Of course we can't keep a quarter of them. But it's a pity. Here, for instance," she handed us a letter from a judge in a western state to Washington, which the Washington official had sent on to Rutland. Its contents seemed familiar to us, after our tour through Miss Ross's domain—an account of how the woman's prison in Vermont was transforming what is called "sodden," "sullen," "warped" human nature into confident reliable citizens. "There's such a marked change in the women who have been under Miss Ross's care," wrote this western judge, "that on their return neighbors come to see me and to congratulate the government on the service rendered the prisoners and the communities in which they live."

WE handed back the letter. One of us murmured feebly, "It's magical."

"No it's not either," said Miss Ross, rather crossly, "Nothing of the kind! I'm always vexed when people take that attitude! It's no more magical than water running down hill or children growing up strong and well when they're given plenty of sleep and food and peace of mind. Humanizing conditions are the only ones that'll make human beings, aren't they? And if you spend a great deal of money and thought to make a place as inhuman as possible, why be surprised that it dehumanizes the folks that have to live in it?

"People have the strangest ideas about prisons, as if going through the door of one turned a man or woman into a griffon or a werwolf. A prison is nothing but a hospital for mind and soul. It should be just as useful to any community as its churches and schools and hospitals, and just as much a matter of pride and satisfaction. We talk so much, we Americans, about the sacred, inestimable value of good home life. If we think it's as fine as that, why not give a little of it to prisoners who mostly never had a single minute of it before being convicted? It's perfectly simple, just imagine that it's your own son or daughter who's got off the right road and—"

BUT we were no longer listening to her. A strange, an incredible, a heart-shaking sound came floating through the air, distant at first, but soon coming closer, louder, sweeter.

"Why, what is that?" stammered one of us. The other, helplessly impressionable, taken by surprise had her handkerchief at her eyes.

Miss Ross listened, looking at her watch, "Oh yes, a group of our girls spent the day at Lake Bomoseen. They're just coming in. They often sing as they come back."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Children of the Trail

By EDNA LaMOORE WALDO

Drawings by Esther Andrews

These are extracts from actual letters written to me during the past year by my mother, arranged, connected, and edited by her permission. She has been living for over a year in a semi-permanent auto camp at Klamath Falls, Oregon, a mill town where unemployment has been a great problem and to which families, who ought in some manner to be turned back, are continually flocking.

Dear Sue:

Don't be shocked . . . but we are living in a tourist camp. There is literally no other place to go, not a small house anywhere near Harry's work at a price we can afford to pay; even postoffice boxes are hardly to be had. They tell us we may get one the first of the year. It seems as though everyone is rushing to this part of the coast, hoping for some sort of work . . . and there isn't any. There are long lines of men standing in front of the mill every morning before seven and almost none of them get anything. They are laying off men, not hiring.

And still they come. The pathetic thing about it is that they have so little money and so many children. They just manage to get here on the last gallon of gas and the last can of beans, take a cabin if they can afford it or pitch their scraps of tents on the vacant ground near by, hunt for work, or, discouraged by first reports, simply wait. They can't get away and if they stay, something may turn up.

This isn't the kind of camp you're used to. We have cottages . . . they call them that . . . with a few conveniences but poorly built, intended only for summer shelter. There is a common kitchen, wash rooms, a few scraggly pines standing about in a lonesome manner, and a view that is sometimes marvelous. There is a mountain fringed with pine and juniper, between it and the camp a green marsh full of mosquitoes, then the lake, and across the lake a box factory . . . blue haze over all this morning. To my left, the highway with a stream of cars like a funeral, going both ways around the curve, mostly mill hands.

A little later the tourists will begin to come in, all sorts of ramshackle cars, even horsedrawn wagons, stopping over night or for weeks and months and disgorging always hordes of ragged and pathetic little children. It makes me think sometimes of the children's crusade to see these little ones of the trail; they haven't the same lantern to guide their feet that their parents have, many of them, just as real pioneers in 1930 as their grandparents were in the heyday of the Oregon trail; they have been torn up by their tiny roots and are not yet transplanted, growing up without background, more seriously, without education.

Oh, the heart breaking things I have seen in the year since we left home! The stories I have seen lived in Texas, Arizona, New Mexico, California, Oregon, in camp and road and city! I used to think that the people who worked in lumber and railroad and mining camps were rough, impossible folks; now I know that there are thousands more like us who have been forced by circumstances to start over new. Refined, educated, many of them are young and untried, sometimes too ready to sit down under adversity and wait, or in middle life and past, seeking to recoup old losses and possibly to go "back home." So weary of the road they are, of the countless little towns with already overworked charity departments, of the ceaseless order to "Move on!" Dust and thirst and hunger and discouragement, against those what can scenery avail?

Many families have been employed by the great lumber company that owns the big mill here in other sections of the country and they come out here hopefully expecting employment and to live in the houses which in some places the company furnishes. But there are no houses, little work. Only the big mill is running and there are hundreds awaiting its morning whistle who are still standing there at noon and the next day. There never is work enough; how can there be with more cars coming every day? And who cares? One man, a dozen, means nothing to this company, to any of them. Transients don't belong here; no town can afford to feed everyone who comes and many of these newcomers would die before they would ask for help. And they all have children.

IT is the youngsters who worry me. I watch them all day long for I don't have much to do and Harry isn't home at noon. I think of the children I have brought up, of all the other well clad, well fed children back home with schools, churches, parties, playgrounds . . . homes. And then I see these dirty mites running wild through the camps, nothing to play with, little to wear, never, oh never, I am sure, enough to eat. I give them little things when I can; I help them to cut up my few remaining magazines to make scrap books; I show them how to color pictures with the crayons I got at the five and ten; sometimes I have to put away some of those wonderful ads with the luscious red tomatoes, the baked hams, and the frosted cakes. It is too much to ask a youngster to paste a picture like that . . . one of these camp babies.

One girl said to me today, "Once we had a home. Now we're traveling."

Send me some more magazines and any books you can spare. I pass mine around the whole camp. We have company every night, people who come hungrily to borrow my books, read my magazines and talk them over, listen to the portable. I believe that fifty people have read the book you gave me for my birthday . . . and not one of them from the same town as another. They have so little that I have to share the few things our long trek has left to me. I wonder why someone doesn't tell them to stay at home . . . to accept anything, to humble pride if need be, among friends and acquaintances rather than to cast in their lot among strangers, to eke out an existence, perilous for the children,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in a shack or improvised shelter on some barren hillside?

Dear Sue:

The weather is becoming uncomfortably cold for the coast and yet we are still here in the camp. Conditions are no better and although there are fewer tourists coming in, the ones who have been caught here by the cold are in desperate straits.

There are two little white tents and two cars on the hill near us, two families with several small children who came in a month ago. The little girls often come over to see me as I sit in my door each afternoon. The fathers have had some work but not regularly and I know that living is very difficult. I often see the girls out gathering wood in the snow; it is cold but not zero yet. There's one of them now. "Open, Smith, want scrap paper!" Now she's settled.

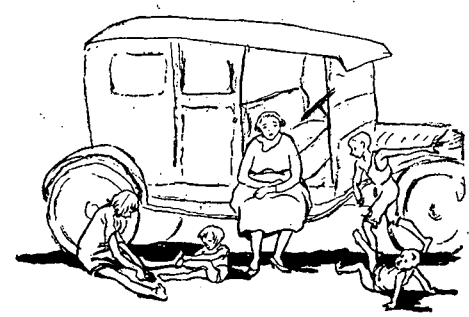
Another large family was here all summer and is staying on now that it is cold. They have only a stove, set out in the open, with a single length of pipe emitting a great deal of acrid smoke, and a rude table sheltered with a piece of what must once have been their tent. They have been sleeping in a box-like place in the ground, filled with straw and covered with everything they can find in the way of blankets and clothing but surely, they cannot keep that up much longer. They have had only irregular work and there is no assurance of anything better to come. I can only guess at what they have to eat. How many are there, you wonder? Father, two big girls in their teens, a stepmother, a little brother and sister, and . . . a boarder!

Those of us who have been here a long while worry about them but they seem to be happy. Whenever a little money comes in, they all go whooping off to a movie, ragged clothes and all.

The club women of the United States, or somebody, will have to take up the problem of education for these young nomads if anything is to be done about it. In some places there are traveling school wagons for the children of Mexican laborers, what about the poor whites? Many of the camps we have been through are very poorly inspected; there are children in almost all of them. If they are here long enough so that anyone finds out about them, they go to school for a few days; most of them cannot afford to buy books and if they did, might not be able to use them when they move on. What about clothes and other necessities? They go seldom, and unprovided for as they are, get scant attention from the teachers. It is a long way to town, too! They tell us that a bus may run out this way next spring but that will mean bus fare. Their fathers must have the cars if they are to hunt work or go to the mills where they have jobs and mill hours do not combine well with school attendance.

A rude table sheltered with a piece of what was once their tent

Just a short distance down the hill, outside the camp, is a family with five little children, the oldest seven, the youngest a new born baby . . . born in the camp, of course, under the most primitive conditions. The prairie trails of 1830 were clean; sometimes these camps are not. Before the baby came, the mother used to sit listlessly in the car, letting the four little ones run about half naked in the blistering sun.



The mother used to sit listlessly, letting the little ones run in the sun

"It's good for them, sunbaths," she told me once when I protested at their reddened and peeling skin. Truly, a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. Now that it is colder, each child wears a coverall sans underwear; their faces are never washed, their hair seldom combed, they have never heard of naps.

And yet the parents are intelligent; the mother has lovely manners and speaks in a cultured way. The father studies every night in the community kitchen, hoping some day to complete his college course. They had lived, until the break came which brought them here, in modern apartments; the mother had never washed clothes, had known more of delicatessens than cook stoves. Conditions are too much for her so she simply sits and lets the babies shift for themselves.

What will become of them? Sue, these camp babies are troubling me so that I don't get things done. I sit and watch them, try to teach them things they ought to know. If I don't . . . who will?

You ask me how we get along now that winter is coming on. Well, they have put tar paper around the cottages, we have stoves and plenty of wood but very little room now that we must be inside more. Of course, I have a good many things from home that others haven't been able to bring along. And yet it isn't living, only camping without the thrill. As soon as the first bit of snow came, I began to think of Christmas and to wonder whether their Santy really does come to camps like this?

Dear Sue:

After I wrote you the last time, it occurred to me that I had been painting a dark picture. I would not have you think there are no bright spots in our auto camp lives. There is something about this free and easy companionship where nobody has anything and everybody knows it, where all the facts of life are out in the open, that makes one tolerant, friendly. People do things for you that you never forget; you think more of others because you have troubles of your own. Back home . . . oh, what a familiar expression that is, on everyone's lips every day . . . you would be too proud to ask your nearest neighbors or closest friends for the help that you seek and give from and to the most casual newcomers.

There are a few families which have settled permanently on farms or in nearby towns and they often come to see us, bringing their cars to take us for extra long drives or delici-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ous extras for our dinners that they know we can not manage with our scanty equipment and small ovens. If anyone has a home paper, he passes it around until it is worn out; every scrap of news from Dakota, Wisconsin, Iowa and points east is treasured and told over and over again. The wheat crops in Barnes county back home come in for as much attention as the fruit farther north in the coast states.

One of my neighbors is a charming southern woman whose family fortunes have been declining steadily ever since the Civil War; another is a former Methodist deaconess, seeking health for her husband. Some of the old timers, those who had been here a month or two, go away occasionally hoping for better jobs elsewhere but most of them drift back since the big mill has not shut down yet.

Christmas? Yes it was pleasant, what with our boxes from home and the decorations we had saved. But it was saddening to see how wistfully our visitors eyed our red balls, our tinselled tiny tree, how tightly the little ones clutched the bits of bright paper and ribbon I gave them. The camp manager provided candy and a tree in the community kitchen; the Salvation Army people sent things . . . but it wasn't home.

If anyone has a paper he passes it around until it is worn out

Dear Sue:

I have thought of you often lately but could not write. A little girl died here in camp and we all helped for days beforehand and after. The poor mother did not know what to do and had nothing to do it with. The father has had little work and the child was poorly clad, cold undoubtedly. This has been such a cold, damp season for this part of the coast.

We helped as best we could, provided between us a little white dress and some flowers. The Salvation Army people did everything but it was the saddest funeral I ever saw. A grave beside a pioneer trail in 1830 was no farther away than this lonely little mound will be from this mother who will move on as soon as there is money to buy gas, on and on, with still a thought for the one she must leave behind, a regret that she will never, probably, pass this way again.

Times have grown harder and harder with the cold weather. We have had several near tragedies in camp. Men can be very weak when they are hungry and cold and have dependent families; sometimes they can be hard to those they love best. When I go to the post office, I pass groups of men talking, see the discouraged lines in their faces, the little array of coins they sometimes hold in their hands when it comes time to trudge back up the hill to the camp. I wonder sometimes what it means when I see them, hear from newcomers of the other long lines of men without work in places they have come from, in this big prosperous country of ours. Why?

One of our men has been out of work so long that he almost lost his mind. When he went away yesterday morning, he told his young wife, "If I don't get something to do, I won't be back." He must have said something else for she waited all day at the door and when it began to get dark, I saw her sitting on the river bank watching the swift current, fearing what she might see there. When we went to bed, he had not returned nor did he come all night. This morning some of the men found him, wandering, and I believe they got him something to do this week. After that, God knows. As long as I live, I shall see that poor young thing by the river, watching.

I saw her sitting on the river bank watching the swift current

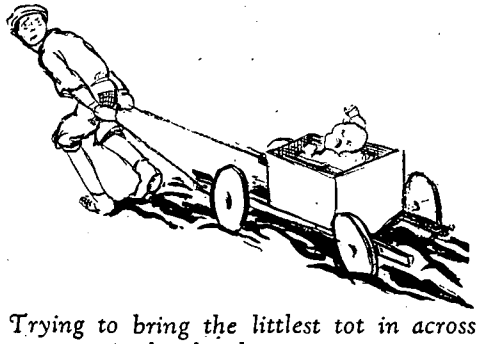
There was another girl here for awhile in whom we were all interested. She had a chance to work out in the country but her husband did not want her to go; he thought that every day he would get something so they could stay together. They still had a little money but finally he got to drinking and gambling. She told him she would not stay unless he stopped, would not sit alone night after night in her empty cottage. One morning we saw her starting off down the road alone, pack on her back, feet dragging and yearning to return but determined. He had not been home that night and when he came, a little later, he was frantic at her absence. The last we saw of him, he, too, was trudging down the road.

Three weeks ago an old fashioned outfit dragged into camp, an old iron wagon and two aged horses, one of them at least twenty years old, Harry said. It died the second day they were here so they have had to remain. I can only imagine how long it took them to get here from Montana where they started. They have a sort of tent house which they took off the wagon; in it are the father, mother, grandfather with a long dingy beard and uncut hair, four miscellaneous children, a dog and some chickens. The men have had only three days work in three weeks.

But maybe things will be better. I saw a robin today.

Dear Sue:

Well, I am tired. I have been making paper dolls, telling stories, and playing the portable all morning for the three Parkins youngsters, Jack, blind in one eye, aged about nine; James Francis, seven, and Letty five, an angel when she's clean. There was a new baby last night, already named some hifalutin thing that the children couldn't say. They are out of the tent now, in a shack at the end of the camp grounds, cheaper than the rest. It has one room, a stove with no oven.

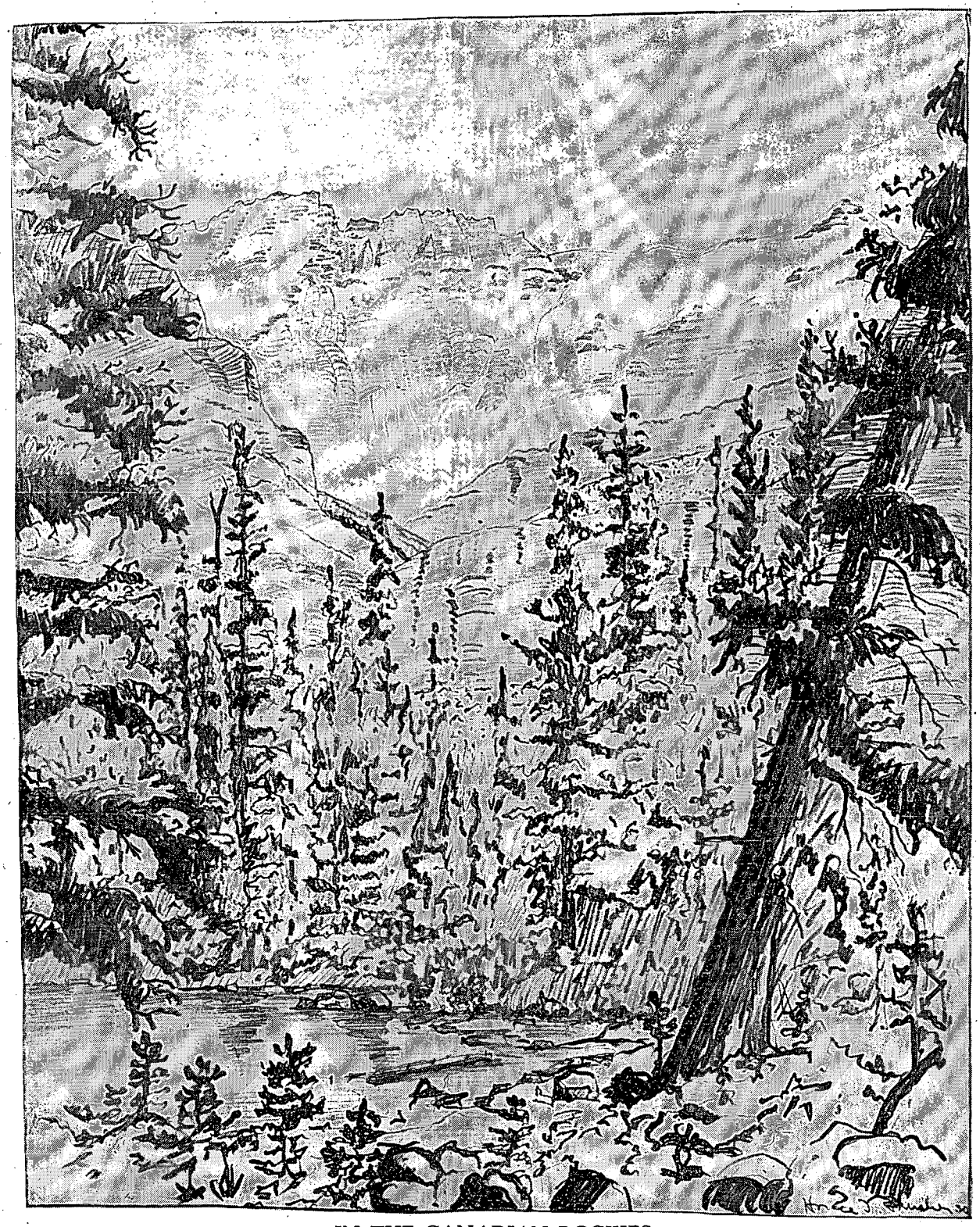


Trying to bring the littlest tot in across that lonely prairie

I have seldom seen harder working people but . . . dirty! The mother has been tending a garden down on

(*Continued on page* 456)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

Drawing by Horace T. Fleisher

A landscape architect from Philadelphia and a pencil went a-holidaying last summer in British Columbia. One of Mr. Fleisher's sketches is reproduced above for the benefit of readers in hot towns, lowlands, and mere hill country. Lake O'Hara and Mt. Lefroy, he comments, offer a contrast of dark spruce and fir and water, and colorful wild flowers in profusion in the open spaces. Here two miles above sea level are found fossil remains that indicate a prehistoric world once under the sea.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Robert W. deForest

By JOHN FINLEY

ON the day of the death of Robert deForest I recalled a line in the late Laureate's Testament of Beauty as summing up in a glorious sentence the part that this great citizen, whose name is still fragrant of the forest, had had in the building and ennobling of a city of which he will be remembered as one whose active philanthropic service led all the rest: "Transfeaturing Nature's wild landscape to the sovereignty of the mind." Birnam Wood had indeed come to Dunsinane in the towered, sky-reaching urban forest of man's making which had grown in his day upon the island whither an ancestor Isaack deForest had come, three hundred years ago (lacking only six) as one of its first white pioneers. (And Isaack, one of the ten children, and probably more, of Jesse, was the father of fourteen children, the youngest of whom was the direct ancestor of Robert W.)

The most appealing Scriptural simile for the life of a righteous man is that which likened him to a tree planted by the rivers of water. And Homer has no more beautiful line than that which is unable to describe the supreme glory of the human creature except in the memory of a tree growing by an altar to Apollo in Delos. It is not alone Mr. deForest's patronymic that suggests a multitude of trees planted by the rivers of water as the simile for his life rather than a single tree or two trees, such as the two which, on the farther shore of the same sea that surrounds Delos, defy time in guarding the tomb of St. Polycarp. Mr. deForest's character and service recall the influence of the spirit of the forest in developing the sturdiest virtues in man but they also symbolize the sovereignty of his mind in transfeaturing the forest of nature into the earthly prototype or archetype of man's final celestial abode.

James Lane Allen long ago sent me the manuscript of a chapter in one of his books in which he told how the spirit of the forest moulded man to its dream of the image of God: "As dust of the earth it stood up his body and twisted and branched it as young pliant oak; hammered it as forge-glowing iron; tempered it as steel; cast it as bronze; chiselled it as marble; painted it as a cloud; strung and tuned it as an instrument; lighted it up as a life tower—the world's one beacon; steadily sending it onward through one trial form after another until at last had been perfected for it that angelic shape in which as man it was ever afterwards to sob and to smile," to speak and to sing, to design and to build, to write of beauty and put it on canvas or in marble or bronze, but still with the love of the forest that nourished him in his heart, with its faith in resurrection which it renews every spring in leaf and flower.

I have often inferred, though I have no ecclesiastical exegesis to inform me, that in the Scriptural story of man's genesis the trees were not driven out of paradise with man. There is therefore a bit of paradise per se wherever there is even a single tree. But the forest is not only God's first temple with his architectural design; it is an enlargement of paradise, the promise of paradise regained. No angel with the flaming sword drives one from it who has the love of the forest in his heart—who is a man of the trees, as Lord Grey, for example, whom only the most serious affairs of state could keep from his favorite bit of forest when the beeches were in their spring glory.

Mr. deForest often invited me to come to see him among his trees and flowers. This I could never do, but (to speak again of his death before I have said aught except by simile of his life) I have never been more stirred by the sight of blossoming trees than at his funeral service in the First Presbyterian Church, when the trees of the wood and the orchard and garden sent their branches to the city to be with him in his leave-taking of earth, filling all the chancel and clinging as closely as they might to the "bier-tree" which was, as it happened on that occasion, the very table of the sacrament itself.

WHEN one sees this city from the skies or from some point of vantage on a clear day, it seems as Camelot did to Gareth in The Idylls of the King, a city of enchanters built by fairy kings, with palaces "tipt with lessening peak" —clear prophecy of the setback type of architecture—and pinnacle that "spires to heaven." But when one walks in some of its streets, as I did only last night, down on the Lower East Side, it presents no such idyllic picture. Yet it was to those who inhabited these unenchanted streets that Robert deForest, who might have lived quite apart from them, with his country-place and his park-facing city home, chose to give what time he could spare from his profession. When I first knew him (and he was almost the first man to give me his friendship when I came an utter stranger to this city over forty years ago) he had just come into the presidency of the Charity Organization Society, of which he had been one of the founders. It was then housed in a stately old residence in University Place, where by a happy fortune there were two rooms sublet to the State Charities Aid Association for its uses—its entire executive staff consisting of myself and my secretary. It was due to this providential propinquity and my journalistic predilection (as evidenced in the publication of a little paper called The State Charities Aid Record) that I was asked by Mr. deForest to edit the pioneer charities monthly periodical, The Charities Review, the direct ancestor of The Survey. This I did (gratuitously) for five years, even continuing for two years after I had gone to the presidency of my Alma Mater (Knox College) and Mr. deForest was its gratuitous sole "angel," meeting the annual deficits, which grew with the expansion of the publication. The first number was brought out exactly forty years ago (1891) and I suggest that the great-great granddaughter, The Survey, should remember this in the anniversary month of November.

Mr. deForest was not only the sole financial contributor to the founding of this review (which would be quite forgotten except for its world-known descendant); he was also

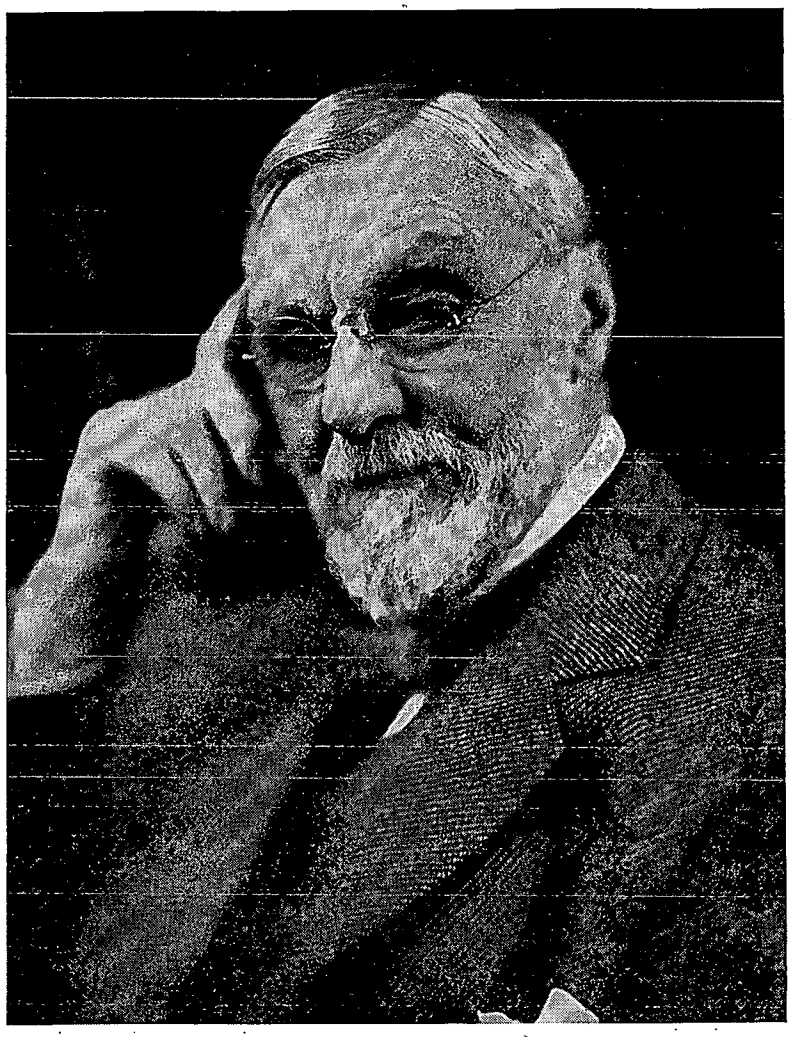
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the contributor of the first article, which was an interpretation of the charity organization movement "then gathering headway as an insurgent and clarifying force in our American life." Its active principles as defined by him were:

Investigate; get at the facts as a basis for help or action.
Organize; bring scattered forces to bear; cooperate resources, experience, effort.
Educate; get beyond the few and make for general understanding.

And it was on these working principles, as Paul Kellogg has stated, that the venture of The Survey was grounded.

But back of all this journalistic effort and beneath it was the actual practice of this preaching, "not alms but a friend." It was down into the streets of the tenements that he and his associates went as understanding, sympathetic friends and not as impulsive, indiscriminate almoners. In such definition had the "new charity" its expression, but even more fully in the spirit of the charity which is enduring, long-suffering and kind. It has investigated and advised and coordinated but above all it has enabled the community to go to the individual with assistance "in kind" according to his need. Of Mr. deForest's many-sided activities for his city and country this should be put first—not only in the order of time but in its importance.



ROBERT W. DEFOREST
April 25, 1848-May 6, 1931

It was through this activity that he became acquainted with tenement-house conditions; and that acquaintance brought with it an obligation to do what he could for their improvement. He accepted appointment by Governor Theodore Roosevelt as chairman of the Tenement House Commission which drafted and pushed to enactment a new building law and he was later appointed the first commissioner of the New York City Tenement House Department to put its provisions into effect. The monumental report of this commission began as follows:

Of all the great social problems of modern times incident to the growth of cities, none is claiming public attention in a greater degree than that of the housing of the working people. Shelter is needed of the kind to protect life and health, free from surroundings that tend to immorality. Homes are needed to make good citizens as well as good men.

That was, however, but one of his labors. He had as many to his credit as had Hercules—and more constructive labors most of them were, though some were like unto the cleaning of the Augean stables and destroying the Stymphalian birds. One of these labors was the organization of the forces for the prevention of tuberculosis; another the fighting the loan sharks through the Provident Loan Association, of which he was the chief organizer and president. But it was on the positive side of philanthropy and human welfare that his labors were most fruitful, notably in city planning, in the promotion of the fine arts, in the organization of a council of representatives of the agencies having to do with the welfare of orphans, the aged, the sick and others in need (the Welfare Council), and finally in the national preparation for emergencies such as fire, famine, flood, earthquake, pestilence (the American Red Cross). He was a leader in all these movements and yet won and maintained a place of eminence in his profession.

He was fitted for the highest public positions, but it is doubtful if he could have been more serviceable to the city, the state or the nation as an official than he was in his voluntary, unofficial activities. He was an illustrious example of a "collective individualist"—an individualist, successful through his own initiative and freedom of effort, who had a constant concern for the good of the collectivity. He was an outstanding though unobtrusive and modest exponent of the American social plan which "cares for a concurrent development of individuality and cooperation throughout the whole body of our citizenship." That plan cannot fail with a citizenry of Mr. deForest's attitudes as exhibited in his private activities in behalf of the general good. And what he did was done with as great pains and sympathy as if for himself or his own, and with a filial regard for the city in whose meadows of Madison Square he played as a boy.

His public service did not end in material help and the neighborly acts of kindness to those in need of friends. It was crowned by a planning for the future of this city of his devotion and by his activities in the spread of art which in creating new forms of beauty "awaken spiritual emotion in the mind of man"—"comforting mortality with immortal grace."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Here is the creed of the institution of art to which he gave of his thought, his time and his substance:

1. We believe that every human being is born with a potential love of beauty, and whether his capacity lies dormant or springs into activity depends largely upon his education.
2. We believe that whether the cultivation of this faculty adds to the earning capacity of its possessor or not, it does unquestionably increase his happiness and this in time reacts upon his health of mind and body.
3. We believe that the Metropolitan Museum has an important role to play in the education of the innate love of beauty.
4. We believe that through the cooperation of the Museum and the schools a generation of young Americans may grow up who will know how to see beauty everywhere because they have learned its language here.
5. We believe not only that the diffusion of a knowledge of art in its highest forms of beauty will tend directly to humanize, to educate, and refine a practical and laborious people . . . but will also show to students and artisans of every branch of industry, in the high and acknowledged standards of form and color, what the past has accomplished for them to imitate and excel.

HIS last address, in celebrating the sixtieth anniversary of the Museum, was as a testament of beauty in which he bequeathed "the hope that every man, woman and child . . . will come here to find the joy and inspiration which only beauty can give."

In an ancient book of wisdom it is eloquently though despairfully written:

As a ship passing through a billowy water, whereof, when it is gone by, there is no trace to be found, neither pathway of its keel in the billows; as a bird flieth through the air no token of her passage is found but the light wind, lashed with the stroke of her pinions, and rent asunder with the violent rush of the moving wings, is passed through and afterwards no sign of her coming is found therein, or as when an arrow is shot at a mark, the air disparted closeth up again immediately so that men know not where it passed through, so we also as soon as we are born cease to be.

But against this passage which partakes of the beauty of the Greek with the Old Testament hopelessness of personal immortality is written this consolatory line:

Children, and the building of a city
Establish a man's name.

And the name, Robert of the Forest, will be established in this city, not alone by those who carry on that name through generations but by what he has done to build and adorn and enlighten and plan for the future of this polyglot, polyarchic, polygenetic city of whose own born sons he was almost the sole survivor of his generation.

Plutarch quotes some one as saying that the first requisite of happiness is that a man be born in a famous city. Under that definition Robert deForest was one of the few New Yorkers of his age who were eligible to happiness. But he enabled those born here in a later generation and those of every generation who came from the country or even cities lacking the fame of this great city, to overcome this handicap of birth because by what he did for this city which he made a more habitable place, a more beautiful place, a more ennobling place for us who have crowded in from other states and lands to congest its streets and obliged him to make a new city and regional plans for us and our descendants for whom we are doing our best by enabling them to have the first requisite of happiness—the privilege of being born in a famous city.

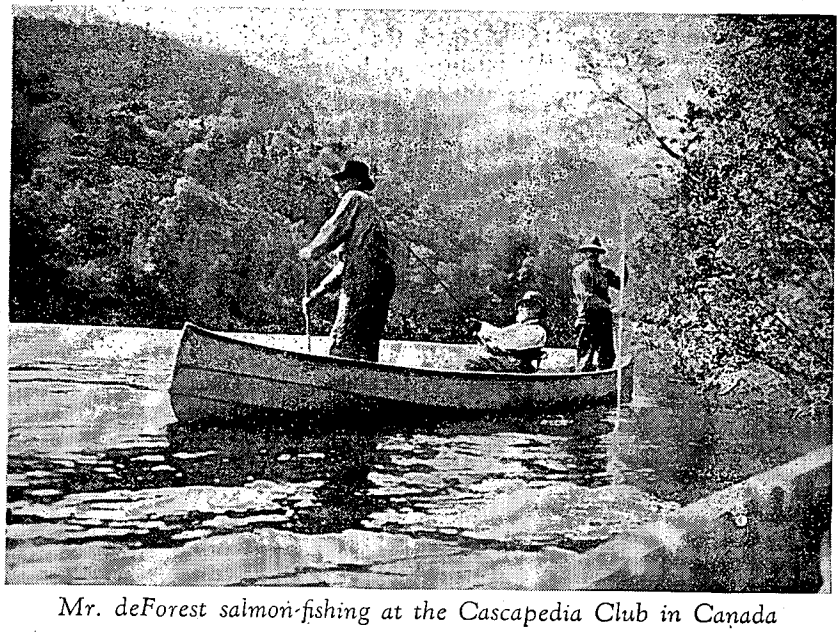
One of our best American poets has recently written:

Sing me no song of the cities. Wide skies,
Wide fields and tall hills are man's home.

But man has never been quite content with the wide fields and the tall hills. He wants to live with neighbors. His heaven both on earth and beyond is a crowded place, a city —a place of many mansions or "abiding places"—or "tenements" as one version has it—with a tree in the midst of it —or a forest of trees. So does man find his apocalyptic paradise even on earth.

In the first volume of The Charities Review was an article on Edward Everett Hale, in which were quoted as descriptive of his lend-a-hand life eight lines of a poem, attributed by mistake to Gerald Money. But two of these same lines could even more fitly be written as an epitaph over the life of Robert W. deForest, as expressing the dominant motive and the varied achievement of the valiant life of this man of the city who was still tethered to the forest:

For the cause that needs assistance
For the wrong that needs resistance.



Mr. deForest salmon-fishing at the Cascapedia Club in Canada

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Some People Won't Save[1]

By HERBERT MAYNARD DIAMOND

OUT of a reasonably wide range of reading on the unemployment situation one fact has struck me more forcibly than any other. That fact is the frequent comment of people in a position to know what they are talking about that the savings of thousands of families have been exhausted because of the loss of income incident to a long sustained period of business depression. Keen general observers such as Leo Wolman and Mabel Walker have remarked upon the phenomenon and the case students, Helen Hall and Clinch Calkins, have made the generalization a vivid and poignant reality for good times as well as bad.

As I turn the matter over in my mind I am beginning to suspect that the crux of the unemployment controversy—particularly that surrounding the unemployment compensation proposal—is to be found somewhere in the neighborhood of this fact. Possibly my impression is mistaken—that would not be unusual; yet the longer I reflect upon it the stronger becomes my conviction that there is more here than meets the eye. Should it happen too that this last is the case, then must we prepare to battle on a broader front. And by *we* I mean those of us who are not convinced that platitudes on the grand old-fashioned virtues of thrift and admonitions on savings directed at wage-earners comprise a sufficient social policy towards unemployment nor an adequate response to the lessons of the past two winters.

To be sure sermons on saving are the order of the day. Extravagance, we are reliably informed, put us where we are. We have also been enlightened by repeated assertions that if people—especially the wage-earners—had but saved their money when times were good our present difficulties would not be so great. Working-class families had they been thrifty, had they not spent their money like the proverbial drunken sailor, would not now—so it is claimed—find themselves so desperately pinched.

Over against such talk stands an objective fact: the savings of numberless families have been wiped out by unemployment. The most cursory dip into the current literature on unemployment finds demonstration of that fact. Dr. Walker reporting to the American Association for Labor Legislation quotes the secretary of the Welfare Association at Fall River, Mass., as stating: "It is generally believed many families in the community are living on savings intended for old age"; and Miss Walker goes on to remark that relief organizations throughout the country were similarly unanimous in their opinions that the jobless had used up all their savings before applying for aid. Likewise Helen Hall has said that in one out of every five of the cases studied by the National Federation of Settlements families had used up their cash savings; others had gone farther in selling their furniture, pawning their jewelry, and cashing in their meager insurance policies. In some of the instances cited these families had sacrificed savings accumulated over periods ranging from five to fifteen years; in their stead they faced a staggering burden of debt for the future. Professor Paul Douglas speaking before the American Academy of Political and Social Science at Philadelphia in January of this year asserted that "in thousands of cases where workers have been induced to buy homes on the instalment plan payments have been discounted and large numbers have lost the amounts which they have paid in the past."

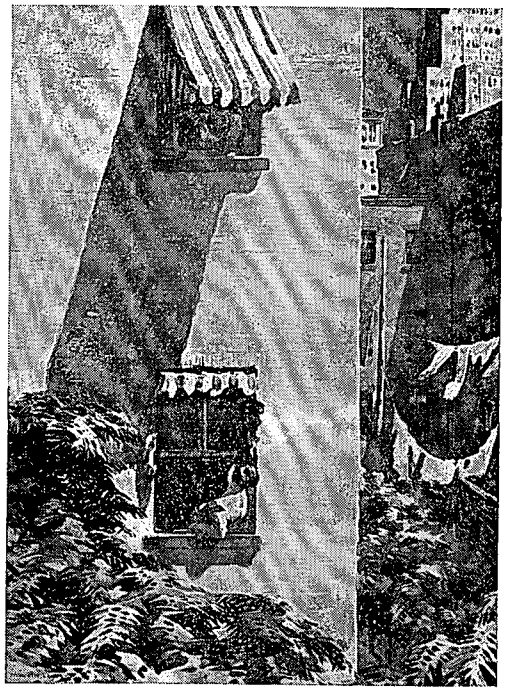
Somehow the assertion of the spokesman for one of the employers' associations at the same meeting of the Academy that "the hundreds of thousands of those definitely reported as being out of jobs are for the most part those who were caught without savings accounts or surpluses in any form to carry them through the storm" seems to lack conviction. And what now of the claim of another speaker that "the marked increase in real wages in this country in the last fifteen years justifies the belief that American wage-earners are in a position to make some provision for their own security"? And in its basic implications I am quite unable to deny the assertion of one of the aforesaid spokesmen who remarks his inability to "conceive of security of an enduring character apart from the practice of thrift and energetic exercise of individual responsibility." Yet just where are we, socially speaking, when those whose conduct meets these very specifications find themselves seeking charity?

THEN also business interests which make the most of the thrift issue seem to be singularly unaware of their own extraordinary change of front in advising what work-people should do with their money. In fact so complete is this reversal as to cause one to be a little suspicious of their soundness of judgment in such a matter if not of the sincerity of their solicitude about it. Back there in the heyday of the New Era—which was crushed to earth with the collapse of the late lamented bull market—American business was proclaiming from the housetops that everyone should spend. The New Era was affirmed to be based entirely on continued spending. Instalment sales were well-nigh apotheosized; spending-it-before-you-had-it was hailed as an act of the highest economic merit if indeed it did not rate as a demonstration of true patriotism. Mass-production, mass-spending, and mass-credit were then held out as the foundation stones of a new and depressionless industrial civilization. Even in the midst of our despair "spend-now" campaigns are foisted upon us as one way out of the economic morass. However when the shoe goes on the other foot and unemployment compensation dimly appears as a possibility in the offing, thrift for the working classes promptly becomes that virtue which is proclaimed as desirable above all others. One wonders! Apparently so far as what the wage-earner does with his dollar is concerned, he is damned if he does and more than damned if he does not.

Indeed one or two first class economists have joined the thrift contingent and seem clearly to imply that failure to save has been both cause and consequence of our widespread distress. Professor Carver of Harvard has declared that "if everyone saved at least 10 per cent of his earnings a

[1] With apology to Clinch Calkins' Some People Won't Work.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Window Conversationalists. Water-color by Martin Lewis

Courtesy Kennedy & Co., New York

period of unemployment would have no terror; we would go on living in our usual manner until things picked up again." Also George Roberts of the National City Bank of New York has said that "there is one means of protection within the command of every individual which if generally resorted to will greatly lessen the violence and shorten the periods of these reactions. If each individual will so manage his own affairs as to accumulate in the periods of prosperity a safety-fund that will carry himself and those dependent upon him through the period of reaction which may affect his earnings, he will not only protect himself and them but do his part toward giving stability to the entire system."

But the problem does not center about what people *ought* to do; as a theoretical proposition such advice may be truly wise; the practical issue is: what are wage-earners as a class actually *able* to do?

Is a 10 per cent reserve "within the command of every individual"? And calculated on the basis of wage-earners' incomes in general would even such a 10 per cent reserve be so sufficient that "periods of unemployment would have no terror" for them? If it be true that the average wage in the United States, reckoning in the loss due to unemployment, in 1927 was $23 a week and that, as Abraham Epstein has asserted, the average wage of factory employes in New York State even in the most prosperous year never exceeded $30 a week, a very trifling calculation in domestic arithmetic will afford answers to the foregoing queries.

Hence between these "spend-for-prosperity" and "save-up-for-depression" formulae we are caught on the horns of a dilemma. Even the experts and business prophets refuse to reconcile theory and fact. What the intelligent workingman thinks about it all who can say? He was advised to spend; he is now informed that if he had not spent (precisely what two years ago he was expected and encouraged to do) not only he but things in general would not be in such a hell of a fix as they are. Whatever he thinks it is probably safe to conclude that in the vernacular, he thinks plenty.

We are hearing—and we shall hear a great deal more than we have now heard—about the menace of the dole. Any proposal, however moderate, for unemployment insurance or compensation is sure to be countered by an argument for thrift. A powerful employers group—notwithstanding the recent defection of the General Electric Company—is endeavoring and in the future will endeavor to block every move in this direction on the ground that the adoption of such a program will destroy the independence and splendid self-reliance of the American wage-earner. Thrift is soon to be glorified. Yet I venture to predict with respect to those wage-earners who resisted the sales methods of the New Era and whose savings have failed to carry them through its aftermath we shall hear precious little. The late Prof. William Graham Sumner, in quite another connection, was wont to remind us of the Forgotten Man. This thrift talk is also likely to divert attention from the present plight of a numerous group who were quite as thrifty as anyone could reasonably be expected to be. And their savings have not carried them through.

But this is not the whole point. The very organization most violently opposed to unemployment insurance is that one which a year ago with equal vehemence denounced the old-age pension on practically the same general grounds. Whether or not working-class incomes in the large are sufficient to meet all the contingencies for which thrift is urged as a remedy is one question. But without debating that issue another clamors for answer: Should the savings of thrifty families—which represent their ambitions as well as their calamity reserves—be completely absorbed in the process of getting them through a long period of cyclical unemployment? This last is a knotty question. No categorical or offhand answer to it can possibly be sound. Yet to preach thrift as the only necessary preparedness for hard times surely is to beg a very large issue in social ethics.

LET us grant even that the dole is as demoralizing as it is declared to be. How then about those families that did save, that did try to get ahead and who have seen everything go in the past eighteen months? Are they demoralized or not? Do they require still further instruction on thrift? And cannot just as strong a case be made for properly administered unemployment compensation as a means to the preservation of the results of their thrift as is now being made for its alleged thrift-destroying influence? And to make our question more pointed, i. e., *Should families that have been diligent and thrifty be carried down to the level of families which have been neither one nor the other?* It is exactly that kind of a leveling process which has taken place before our eyes. I do not call attention to those families whose rainy days even in the best of times are so frequent as to make it impossible for them to accumulate extra reserves for unemployment emergencies, nor to the burden of debt due to unemployment which will plague many a family for months or years to come. I am simply asking whether or not the exhaustion of working-family savings which accompanies a period like the past twelve months is a socially defensible process?

I confess I have no clearcut answers to these questions. Perhaps I have raised more queries than can at once be answered. I think however that we must recognize the presence and importance of these issues and that we may all profitably ponder them. Then too, quite without rancor, I hope that the National Association of Manufacturers will be willing to ponder over them along with us.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Changed Brains

By JOHN PALMER GAVIT

IN the bold bad days before we became—if you don't care what you say—bone-dry, one used to see here and there on the front of saloons the sign, "This Place Has Changed Hands." Once in Chicago I saw one reading, "This Place Has Changed Hands, Feet—and Brains." A vision of that sign flashed in my mind upon seeing Mr. Hoover's proposal to the world of a year's holiday in the matter of war-debt payments. In the midst of deepening world depression and increasing fear of some sort of crack-o'-doom it came like a mountain breeze in a sultry day; like awakening out of a nightmare, even if not without dread of falling back into it again. For the moment anyway, all over the world it has worked a magic, electrifying.

Worse than idle—mischievous—are the current suggestions of politics; insinuations that while the hand is the hand of Esau the voice is the voice of Jacob. What difference does it make whether or not the idea originated with Mr. Hoover? What difference does it make whether or not it may operate to his advantage in next year's presidential campaign? He is entitled, like any other head of an administration, to the credit for recognizing and acting upon a sound idea, regardless of its origin. He is responsible, and entitled to whatever political advantage accrues from his adoption of it, with due discount in the consequences of adopting it so tardily. Nothing in the Constitution or in common sense requires a president to act only upon such ideas as he may invent himself! And a government, or the man at the head of it, has indubitable right at any moment to abandon a stupid course and adopt a wise one. There are, to be sure, those like the man who on a sinking ship calmed his wife's fright by reminding her: "Why all the fuss? What do we care? Let it sink; it isn't our ship."

Unfortunately the United States has acted all along as if its part of the ship could float regardless of what happened to the rest of it. Suddenly we have awakened to the fact that it *is* our ship; that we are in it and that we'd better lend a hand at the pumps and see what we can do about stopping some of the leaks. To change the figure slightly—this is no time to rock the boat or throw things at the steersman.

It is to be said, too, that an earlier attempt on Mr. Hoover's part to effect such a moratorium might not have met in his own country the chorus of approval which must be comforting to him. The case bears some similarity to that of our entry into the war—Mr. Wilson could not have had, much if at all earlier, the united country behind him. And as for any apparent ineptitude in his announcement and the effect of its form and suddenness upon France—the fact is that Mr. Hoover's hand was forced by the incorrigible garrulity of some of the Congressional leaders whom he had to consult in order to assure himself of nonpartisan backing; by premature publication of his intentions. Otherwise there would have been in advance the negotiations with the French which seem to have brought about effective compromise and saved the situation. Part of the difficulty arose from Mr. Hoover's attempt to specify details and a certain incurably temperamental distaste for opposition. That need not be dwelt upon now; the threatened deadlock has anyway been deferred. Underlying all is the vital fact that "changed brains" have come into play; that at least we have joined the world in realization that the rocks toward which civilization was drifting can be avoided only by united action in which the United States, in the nature of the case, must take the lead. The ship has "come about" and is headed for the open sea. Now, to get steerage-way.

Nothing less could have saved Germany, and Germany is the crucial factor. Everything depends upon how Germany uses the opportunity. For the German government to have asked for a moratorium (as it has the right to do) certainly would have shaken, if it did not completely destroy, the immense structure of private credit and precipitate a world panic. Initiative on the part of any of Germany's European creditors would have had the same result—as when in ordinary business an individual or group of claimants force an involuntary bankruptcy. It lay with the United States alone, creditor-in-chief, to take the initiative in the only possible form—that of proposing a let-up all along the line. Then there must be the consent of France, whose interest and sacrifice involved come next to ours. The French do not like to let go of money—in which respect they are not unique! France would be due to receive from Germany in the form of "non-postponable reparations" something like $97,000,000 more than she would pay to the United States and Great Britain during the year of moratorium; that was the sticking-point, apparently overlooked at the outset by Mr. Hoover. It appears to have been adjusted in principle and the details have now to be worked out by a commission of experts.

THE sequence of the debts leads straight back to the German reparations; they are the underpinning of the whole structure. Something like two thirds of Germany's payments to the European nations passes straight through to us. None of them could pay us if Germany stopped paying them. In one way and another all of them have told us so; nor did we need to be told. It is and it always has been nonsense, hypocritical nonsense, to pretend that the debts to us were separable from those reparations. Now at last we have tacitly if not openly acknowledged that, and we never can make the pretense again.

Neither gift of prophecy nor special familiarity with international finance is necessary to foresee that this is only a beginning; beginning of the end of the whole business of war-tribute in its existing form. The *status quo ante* cannot be restored no matter what saving clauses may be written upon documents or ponderously declared. A year is a very short time in such matters; no degree of improvement or psychological encouragement within so brief a period will greatly alter the situation. The whole fabric must be overhauled again; each time it is altered its character changes; time is working its magic. Time and economic forces. And commonsense. If as a consequence of German collapse and inevitable revolution ensuing, either Communism or extreme reaction should be enthroned, there would be almost certainly repudiation of the whole business of war-tribute, and the theory of Germany's exclusive "war-guilt" upon which it rests; the treaty of Versailles and the Young Plan would become obsolete reading-matter—all over the world the fat would be in the fire. It was vision of this certainty that changed the brains of Washington.

Aside from the mere financial easement resulting from Mr.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hoover's proposal there is the much more important alteration of point of view and spirit. Such things are contagious, relieving tension in all directions. The mythical figure of "Uncle Shylock" has gone from these shores. It looked for a time as if he had migrated to France; but even France responds to the American initiative—which, so far as one can see at the moment, seems near to making it unanimous.

The effects are far-reaching. For instance upon the question of disarmament. Many times in these pages I have insisted that disarmament was a question not of statistical comparisons or horizontal reduction of quantities and categories but of heart's desire and intentions. Men and nations charged with good-will and free of fear do not and will not waste their substance upon the purchase of weapons for which they intend no use. Mr. Hoover's message is more than a lubricant; it is a spiritual catalyst, effecting a chemical change, so to speak, in the mental attitude of the world. In the far perspective it will bulk large; a monument marking one of the great turning-points in history. In our own history especially; for despite all face-saving declarations to the contrary, it means a complete reversal of national attitude and policy.

Along with the main subject of debt-postponement comes announcement of measures to help small Central-European nations in their predicaments. Jugoslavia, for instance, and Hungary, flat on its back with the condition of the Hungarian General Credit Bank. In all of these measures American participation figures powerfully. What is needed now is to minimize the influence of politicians and military men in the international interplay; to leave the economic forces free to work in an atmosphere of international cooperation. It is the politicians and the military men, keeping alive and stirred the primitive emotions of fear and suspicion, who have encouraged the maintenance of armaments, of excluding and hampering tariffs; who have aggravated the after-effects of the war and perpetuated its atmosphere. These things preponderate in the cause of the world depression. World prosperity depends upon international confidence and good-will. Business is intercourse; intercourse of any kind cannot thrive in an atmosphere of suspicion.

Knott in The Dallas News

This is no academic matter; no affair of sentimental emotions. Even in so-called prosperous America the world-wide economic depression has reached into the pockets of folk who two years ago could not have imagined themselves in their present position, including their present attitude of doubt as to the divine inspiration of the "established order." One takes for granted his assurance of employment, food, shelter, clothing and the reasonable customary enjoyments and amenities of life for himself and those who constitute his immediate circle. When those things fail, so far as he is concerned social existence, including in the last analysis the social-economic system under which circumstances compel him to live, has failed. That failure creates the soil from which springs revolution. It is not war between nations that now lurks in the background; it is the certainty that great masses of people will not tolerate quietly the conditions which deny them food. There can be no contentment, no real peace in the world, without a basis of economic assurance; there can be no economic assurance without sane intercourse, business, exchange, export and import, in an atmosphere of good-will. Herein lies the enormous importance of what Mr. Hoover has done; he has contributed substantially, let us hope effectively, to the restoration of that assurance which robs the revolutionist of his leverage.

As long ago as 1923, the International Chamber of Commerce, in its meeting at Rome, concentrated attention upon the great importance to industry and trade of the question of intergovernmental debts. Every year since, up to and including the congress of last May, the International Chamber emphasized this matter and the American delegation expressed the belief that the government of the United States would give sympathetic consideration to any representations on the subject of the debts made by its foreign debtors. This was to be taken for granted. But the best-informed economists knew that none but Germany would make any such overtures, and that for Germany to do so would be disastrous. Nobody then foresaw that the way out would be for the United States to cut the knot. Mr. Hoover cut it.

WHILE we are on the subject of "changes of brains," it is germane to note that the international opium conference which at this writing still drones along, trying to get on paper at least some further and more definite measures for the control of the flood of narcotics, has done one thing—almost worth while if there were nothing else. It has put the final quietus upon the scheme of quotas. It never had any merit; it is now clearly seen to be unworkable. Beside that, the nations minor in the scale of production saw that it would vest virtual monopoly in the hands of the big producers without offering anything real toward the curtailment of the immense over-production which is the source of the illicit traffic. It would be premature to comment upon the progress, if any, of the conference; by the time these words are printed almost anything may have happened. One notable fact is that the United States delegation has been displaying far more constructive ability and diplomatic temper—not to mention greater understanding of the subject—than its predecessor in the conference of 1924-25. Another is that in this conference the line has been drawn more clearly than ever between those who sincerely desire to remedy the present ghastly condition and those who for profit are willing to exploit the basest appetites of mankind. Senor Julio Casares, the delegate of Spain, put it in a nutshell in an address to the conference:

"Some day, which I hope is not far off, it will be said . . . that there was once a time when devilish men utilized a marvellous science for the purpose of sending across seas and continents subtle poisons destined to insidiously murder their fellow-beings. It will be said, too, some day, that a few men of good-will succeeded in freeing humanity from this inconceivable infamy which is the greatest shame of civilization. But if we fail—no matter what the excuse for our failure—you may be certain that each of us will, before the judgment of the world's conscience, be pronounced guilty."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters & Life

In which books, plays, and people are discussed

Edited by LEON WHIPPLE

Plans and Censors

HOW'S your Plan? What, you have no Plan? no Twenty-Year Plan . . . no Five-Year Plan . . . no Week-End Plan? But you must have a Plan: otherwise you are intellectually bankrupt. It's being done, or rather they are being proposed. Even the Anarchists have a plan to have no plan. Confess now to one ewe-lamb, say a Sugar Plan or a Reparations Plan or a little Regional Plan. Then a Plan for a Plan? None? Well, you *are* queer, probably one of those odd people who believe in laissez-faire, the law of supply and demand, the survival of the fit and those other pitiful old myths. I can hear you say, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." You'll never turn any corners that way!

Let's assume for argument you have an Economic Plan. What of Liberty under your Plan? The idea of Plan implies some kind of police-power and resistance to the rules will be sedition. The Soviets, Fathers of the Plan Age, call such economic sedition, sabotage, and have state trials therefor. Please note that a planned economics plays hob with individual rights; regimentation is always regimentation. By promising John Median ease and security we may persuade him to give up liberty. Therefore resolve now that the free-speech guarantee must allow a rebel to say, "It's a damn-fool Plan." Otherwise we envisage that dangerous corollary of the Russian experiment—state control of all the means of communication, even worship, with the design of implanting the state ideology. The planned economy has become a biological necessity; let us at the outset then distinguish between the plan for things and the plan for people, and face in this new light the everlasting struggle for liberty, man versus mankind.

The danger is not imminent; paper plans do not a prison make; and we still enjoy our ancient "rugged individualism" in making a living or a dying. Nevertheless it is a good omen that we have a new union of forces against censorship, the National Council on Freedom from Censorships, made up of authors, playwrights, clergymen, doctors, lawyers, liberals and victims. The purpose is to fight against the growing tendency to censorship over the stage, movies, books, newspapers and radio. We hope that the members, some of whom probably believe in a planned economy and all of whom are keenly aware of how economic forces have always curtailed liberty, will consider the possible dangers of new coercions through our bread-and-butter interests. Fixing a quota bears a strong family resemblance to a censorship.

The Council defines censorship as "any power to suppress the expression of thought, either in advance or by prosecution under cover of vague laws." It will center its present efforts on the field wherein the censors claim to protect the public from "obscenity," or incitement to crime, and occasionally from sedition. All liberals will endorse this movement to keep the channels of expression open and will find strength in this clear recognition of the need for solidarity among the forces for liberty; and most will agree to the special planks, such as repeal of the laws under which the solicitor of the Post Office can declare a publication unmailable and of the foolish New York padlock law for theaters in which a convicted exhibition has been shown; also with the abrogation of special police powers for vice societies, the customs censorship for imported publications, and the oft-abused municipal powers for censorship or the use of licenses for amusement places, revocable at pleasure.

We can all agree that censorships have been ignorant, silly and useless, and misused by power groups or commercial interests seeking advertising. Everybody will desire to help peg in our present liberty for religious and sex discussion. For it seems to me that, thanks to groups such as this and the valiant struggles of some of its very members, and to the new enlightenment of federal courts as revealed in the Mary Ware Dennett and Marie Stopes rulings and the decision against the Minnesota press gag-law, we are, for the moment, enjoying real freedom in certain fields. The Council will have a vast job in extending the reign of this toleration among all sections and classes of the nation and in preventing exploitation thereof by vicious and selfish interests who may invite a return of the gags.

SO vast and praiseworthy are these tasks that it may seem ungracious to propose added ones. But the Council lists education as one of its aims and so invites questions. We hope that in addition to fighting against all suppression it will serve as a clearing-house for research into the great complexity of this modern problem of public education and entertainment by mass communication. For example if the New York statute against dramatic performances dealing with sex abnormality or perversion is repealed, the question may arise: Is the dramatic form the best way to educate the public to understand perversions as forms of disease and to imbue people with sympathy for the sufferers? Are there dangers of spreading the disease? Judgment may well be suspended until we get the advice of psychologists and physicians. The problem will not be about a censorship but as to the wise ways of public instruction. I believe there is a growing sentiment among social workers, psychiatrists and doctors that certain forms of education are best served by private and personal contacts rather than by mass publicity. The newspapers and the radio are not universal panaceas for ignorance, let them happily be free as you like.

Again the Council may well make a study of the causes back of certain tendencies toward censorships. There is certainly a large body of reasonably sincere and enlightened persons who honestly deplore what they regard as real evils in the movies and propose, sometimes reluctantly, some form of federal censorship as the way out. The Council uses the slogan: "Censorship Covers Up But Does Not Cure." Now not to try to understand this large body of public opinion from schools, churches, homes, may be a covering up of the roots of the matter and not a cure for the causes of intolerance. Let us have them out in the light for real study. Liberty has always been won by fighting—for it is precious—and the very members of this Council have won glorious fights in behalf of all of us.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but certain fields today may well be defined as social education rather than under the stereotype of a battle between "militant puritanism and militant common sense." To assume a monopoly of common sense is not without peril and akin to the Puritan's assumption of his monopoly over common morals. Tolerance can well begin at home. The lover of liberty may hang too much of his thesis on the lessons of history and not enough on the resources of psychology and social science. Times do change—that's why we need liberty. This does not mean weak compromise with the fears and inertias that are the roots of censorship, but an iteration that the use of liberty is in the search for truth. For example the Platform of the Council reads:

> We maintain that selection of themes for books, plays, and pictures should be left to the industries themselves. Laws still exist in all states as a threat to commercial pornography. In cases where good taste alone is involved, the public can make its verdict felt in the most sensitive place—the cash register.

We all know that in our imperfect industries will be men to take advantage of this freedom for commercial pornography, sometimes under the guise of art or morality. If the Council depends (as it seems to say) on anti-pornography laws, it will face two tasks: first, to distinguish between pornography and honest expression of ideals; second, to protect artists and thinkers from prosecution under such laws, as in the past. If this is impossible, the answer is that we will have to endure a certain misuse of freedom as a lesser evil than censorship and build up barriers against it in the public mind. Here we reach the present nub of the argument, to wit, that the public is made up of adults who can face facts and select, adults of immature and suggestible minds who probably cannot be protected anyhow, and children. The serious advocates of censorship will declare that we must protect the child. Their opponents answer that we cannot let the child be the criterion of serious books, drama, movies et cetera for public offering to responsible adults; and that children have to face the facts of life anyhow; that the parents must act as censors to keep them from touch with adult discussions, and also educate them in morals and taste so they reject or become immune to the gross matter. Public taste generally should also be educated to the same end.

Not even the modern over-burdened and conscientious parent will deny his duty to censor his child's contacts with adult matter and guide his taste to right standards. But he will confess that it is a difficult task when the movies, radio and newspapers are practically all pervasive, and training in standards is complicated by the constant chances to have these standards lowered by the easily accessible cheap and vulgar. The very things he is educating against are also doing some of the educating. It is human, perhaps selfish and indolent, to desire some control over the child's environment that will make their task easier. Why not a censorship? The same argument can be used for general public opinion: how are you going to teach average people selective standards of taste and morals when their standards are constantly being formed by the very things they are supposed to have standards about? The dilemma is obvious; and if the Council's researches can throw light on the situation they will do much to ameliorate the bitterness over certain censorships.

For the radio the dilemma, inherent in all liberty, is not man-made but forced on us by Nature. The broadcast bands are limited by electro-physics. The United States enjoys about ninety and may have less if the claims of Canada and Mexico are met. For the radio is a problem in international communication. Freedom of the air means chaos: some kind of control is necessary for public service. You cannot have all the broadcasting stations you want as you can free presses and free theaters, to afford competition in ideas. So the root problem is: what body can society set up to meet this new demand for freedom? The Council stands for three measures: to end selective censorships at the stations, to prevent domination of the air by two or three monopoly groups, to stop discrimination by the Radio Commission in the issuance of licenses. These are good aims but it seems to me run up against practical difficulties, to wit, Time, Space and Money. The time available to any or all of the ninety stations is limited—that means some sort of selection. The financing of the stations by advertising as in the United States, means an instinctive response to mass demands, and certain bans against radical criticism of the social and economic order that created and enriches them. If the government takes over the broadcasting where is your freedom of speech? We shall face the parallel of the licensed press with the licensers neck-deep in politics. As to the control body it will need more wisdom and disinterestedness than the Supreme Court for it will control the public opinion that makes both laws and courts.

Unless we can open up unlimited channels it looks as if the ether had a little Plan all its own—to force us to reorganize our concept of the state in relation to public communication. With some kind of control, men can have radio; without control, no radio. Television will make it worse for, I believe, a very few stations will use up all the available waves. The Court of the Air, if that is what this dilemma means, will have to be set up as a social organ outside governments because it transcends governments. It will have to be the most august, neutral and truth-serving tribunal ever conceived of, protected somehow from political, mass, creed and economic pressure. Its very roots will have to be in the doctrines of civil liberty; and the public have to be taught its duty, power and aloofness. In its field it will be the arbiter of ideas, corrected happily by the press and other agents of truth.

The idea seems fantastic, but so does a planned economy. We are at least considering the end of laissez-faire in bread-and-butter; it may not be mad to consider laissez-faire in ideas. Such a court would be the most dangerous institution in the world, as every student of civil liberty knows, of the nature against which the bills of rights and every protection of the individual were erected. But democracy, public opinion and liberty are themselves the most dangerous things in the world and plans about them are dangerous. But then so is any plan in this exttremely unruly universe. Yet we have never found men fearing to make plans for that reason!

LEON WHIPPLE

Salvation for Today

THE CONTEMPORARY AND HIS SOUL, *by Irwin Edman. Cape & Smith.* 191 *pp. Price* $2.50 *postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

FORTUNATELY for his readers Irwin Edman does not see the "modern temper" through glasses of as murky a blue as Joseph Wood Krutch. His book is rather of the company of Haydon's The Quest of the Ages and Overstreet's The Enduring Quest. His optimistic bias on the reality of what used to be called saving our souls, is not extreme but it certainly is in key with the sentiments which a well oriented and rational view of life seem increasingly to evoke.

To my taste too much space is devoted, however, to the critical and negative aspects of the case. We cannot or need not be disillusionists or rationalists or platonists or traditionalists, says Edman, nor need we indulge in flights into busy "action" or "ecstacy." He explains and depreciates these alternatives up to page 165 leaving himself less than thirty more pages for his Note Concerning Salvation. As a philosopher he may have felt the need of so much critical analysis. But as a contemporary reader with or without a soul, I feel the need of more elaboration of the everlasting Yea.

It is significant that Edman is willing to admit that we have souls and even more so to admit that they still need salvation. It is one of the misfortunes of our (*Continued on page* 449)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Traveler's Notebook

Blue Ridge Institute

Fifth Annual Summer Institute

SOCIAL WORK EXECUTIVES

Blue Ridge, North Carolina

July 26th to August 1st, 1931

The Theme—CORRELATION

A timely theme for a hard year. Analysis by separate committees from every point of view.

Problems of 1931

Special committee. National leadership as well as local.

Able Discussion Leaders

Informal discussions and consultations with national social leaders.

Information and reservations from

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

HOMER W. BORST

1810 Graybar Building

New York, N. Y.

An ideal place for summer vacations

Western View Farm

NEW MILFORD, CONN.

83 miles from Columbus Circle *Elevation 1,000 feet*

Hospitality that is unique. It brings back friends year after year. Twelfth season.

Riding Tennis Swimming Mountain climbing

Or rest and quiet if you want it. Interesting people.

Rates: $8 a day, $49 a week.

Telephone: New Milford 440. Edward G. Ohmer, Proprietor.

BAR P QUARTER—CIRCLE RANCH

A home ranch in the foot hills of the Big Horn Mountains, Wyoming. Horseback riding, interesting old trails, fishing. More than an ordinary vacation. Address

William Paton, Shell, Wyoming

Reconciliation Trips

IT all began back in 1921 when Clarence V. Howell was conducting labor forums in Harlem and was asked by a group of ministers in conference to take them to radical labor headquarters. The seed of that first visit to several such centers, with speakers at each to tell of their work and answer questions, germinated four years later in a new organization of Reconciliation Trips. Its success and popularity are well established by its record of three trips with 60 in attendance that first year of '21; and ninety trips with 5833 attendants from September, 1930 to July 1931. And while New York affords perhaps the best laboratory, these trips are now also conducted in Chicago, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Syracuse and Boston.

Their scope is wide and varied and ranges over not only nationalities and races but religions, political movements and industrialism. For instance in February a group met at Casa Italiana and heard the forward-looking Turkish woman painter, Mihri Hanoun de Rassim Pasha, talk on New Turkey and the Achievements of Mustapha Kemal. The gallery of Near-Eastern art at the Metropolitan Museum was the next stop. At the Saroukan Rug Company, Ahmed Abdallah Effendi, a prominent Turkish importer, described how the rugs are made and what they mean to the village livelihood. Then food—a dinner of Boulgour pilaf, yoghourt, patlijan karni yarik, rose-leaf syrup and Turkish coffee at the Constantinople Restaurant. The itinerary also included a visit to Bahai Cause Library, and talks by qualified natives on trade-links between America and the new Turkey, changing costumes and customs, and the economic forces in changing Turkey.

In April a group from the Theodore Roosevelt Highschool, meeting at one o'clock, visited the Ford factory in New Jersey, where trained guides pointed out the processes of assembling a Ford car. Before five they were transported to quite a different scene—the Bowery, the big unemployment center, with its breadlines, Zero Tub, and the Old Bucks and Lame Ducks Club. Supper at the Bowery Y.M.C.A. and 5- and 10-cent Cafeteria. And at seven-thirty another change of scene, this time to see The Daily News printing plant in action.

Other items on the calendar are the Japanese centers, Chinatown, Syria, India, Negro Harlem; a visit to Anarchist, Communist, Socialist and I.W.W. centers with talks by representatives; to the Birth Control Clinic with Margaret Sanger telling of its work; a Jewish Festival trip, and so forth.

About 85 per cent of the people who go on these trips are students—largely postgraduates, teachers and ministers. Some professors are making them a requirement. They are very inexpensive, averaging less than seventy-five cents plus meals and streetcar fares per person. These Reconciliation Trips might be termed the field work of education; but they have an influence which has found the following apt expression:

My likeness has little enrichment to offer my life, for I received the same culture in the same kind of school, the same kind of home, the same kind of church, the same kind of community in the same kind of work. But that yellow man, that black man, that "red" man can give me something. He received it from sources I have never touched. Historians often say: "This migration meant progress, for two strange cultures met."

Schedule—Summer 1931

July	17	Friday	—Chinese Centers
	21	Thursday	—India
	25	Saturday	—Love, Sex: New Ideals
	30	Thursday	—Russia
Aug.	2	Sunday	—Chinese Centers
	7	Friday	—Unemployment
	8	Saturday	—Radical Labor Headquarters
	15	Saturday	—Negro Harlem

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from page* 447)

day that in repudiating, as we do, the older connotations of such words, our vocabulary either has to be newly created which is not easy, or it has to read new meaning into clichés—which no doubt misleads many who want to be modern with a capital M.

This book is thus notable in its aliveness to the kernel of truth in the great ideas of the sane. It is particularly happy in the honesty of its insistence that our souls are closely related to our social and economic backgrounds. "One cannot be at peace even with oneself in a society that is not in its whole organization at peace." "Only simple people can live simple lives. For others simplicity is itself a complex fraud that fools and hurts those who attempt it." The book is further to be enjoyed for its sane naturalism and earthiness (more implicit than explicit). "It is high time that the genial life of the senses received its due moral warrant from the sour prophets of the mind." And finally it is sound in my view in its constructive association of salvation with social melioration. "Much can be gained in actual felicity by a resolute concern with the conditions of salvation possible on this planet, in this life. . . ."

In fact this last chapter is so suggestive and so sound that as I have said, I can but regret Professor Edman did not expand it to constitute his book. Then the reader might have gotten a sense of the robust, vigorous, exhilarating quality of true salvation on this earth, that would have better conveyed the message which the author I'm sure was trying to bring us. But you will want to read this book. It is a rewarding antidote to the drab, the sordid, the dull and dispirited in too much of the air we breathe today.

ORDWAY TEAD

Where the Stars March

STARRY ADVENTURE: *a novel, by Mary Austin. Houghton Mifflin. 420 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

BACK east the stars are all "pricked in flat like ceiling decorations." In New Mexico you see them march. The late afternoon light, divided by cloud banks, splinters the Sangre de Cristo with their name color. You go to see the sunset like going to vespers, to compose the day's interruptions. You watch the rabbit brush, green at the base, dry fluff at the top, keep the register of the seasons. The history of the house is written here from the sites of old pit villages with their premonitions of the three-cornered fireplace to the high-layered tenements of the pueblos and the low-lying buildings of the early estates which welded Spanish and Indian elements in their hospitable construction.

If you would get a glimpse of this country with its music and lights and open spaces, the primitive life of its Colonials and the stir among its health-seekers and artists, in a way that will give you a clue to its sense of adventure in old and and new, read Mrs. Austin's novel. New Mexico and its people pass through her fingers on the engaging thread of romance. It is a knotted thread, with suspense and heart-searchings, and deals with the paths a younger generation tries to break through the thickets of convention quite as much as it does with the old trails and mountain roads. Some will read it for the story; some for the settings; some for its original forays into marital conceptions. For there's more to it than that a master of the organ should in later life turn to the guitar to show the lightness of her touch, her sense, in the old Spanish love songs, of the double rhythm of the heart-beat and the breath. She brings the sagacities of a student of myths and folk lore into the arena alongside the more familiar answers to the way of life supplied by society people, and young college folk, by a sun-browned Southwesterner and a simple New England preacher, by the priesthood of the ancient church of the region and by what one of her characters calls the bourgeois sophisticates with their easy appropriation of psychoanalysis. Through it all, in the speech of her women characters, she shatters all manner of stereotypes fond to the minds of men.

Yet it is because of this very insight, this depth and reach and sensitiveness to what lies under the skin of personality and mores, that one hopes that Starry Adventure may turn out to be no more than a curtain-raiser. That it is just an experiment in what Mrs. Austin may do in combining her wealth of observation and re-

(*Continued on page* 451)

the little Grusinkas like flowers too . .

If flowers and fields would only grow in tenement yards! . . . But they won't. And chances are, the most you can do towards bringing the little Grusinkas a pleasanter summer is to make their homes a bit brighter.

Generally that means more cleanliness. And the wise way to win Mrs. Grusinka to that idea is to suggest easier ways to get things done.

When you're doing this, remember Fels-Naptha Soap. For Fels-Naptha brings *extra* help to lighten soap-and-water tasks. Good golden soap and plentiful naptha, working together to loosen stubborn dirt without hard rubbing. Fels-Naptha washes clean even in cool water—a particularly helpful feature in homes where hot water is rather a luxury.

Write Fels & Company, Philadelphia, Pa., for a sample bar of Fels-Naptha, mentioning the Survey Graphic.

Fels-Naptha

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

"MODERN HOME EQUIPMENT"

Our new booklet is a carefully selected list of the practical equipment needed in an average-sized home. It is invaluable, alike to new and to experienced housekeepers — already in its eleventh edition. It considers in turn the kitchen, pantry, dining room, general cleaning equipment and the laundry, and gives the price of each article mentioned.

Ask for Booklet S—it will be sent postpaid.

LEWIS & CONGER

45th Street and Sixth Avenue, New York City

THE AMERICAN INDIANS' SITUATION—for better and for worse, and the prospect—is treated in AMERICAN INDIAN LIFE, July issue, 50 pps. Price 10 cents. 37 Bliss Building, Washington, D. C.

SPEAKERS: We assist in preparing special articles, papers, speeches, debates. Expert scholarly service. AUTHOR'S RESEARCH BUREAU. 516 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Have you Property to sell ? —Cottages to rent

Advertise in the CLASSIFIED SECTION of SURVEY GRAPHIC or MIDMONTHLY.

Rates: 30 cents a line; $4.20 per inch.

SURVEY GRAPHIC, 112 East 19th Street, New York, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDUCATIONAL DIRECTORY
SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

Smith College School *for* Social Work

Courses in

SOCIAL PSYCHIATRY, MEDICINE, SOCIOLOGY, PSYCHOLOGY, GOVERNMENT, CASE WORK

Leading to the degree of

MASTER OF SOCIAL SCIENCE

Students enrolled for the full course are assigned to a social agency for a period of nine months' supervised intensive field work.

A summer course of eight weeks is open to experienced social workers.

Address

THE DIRECTOR

College Hall 8, Northampton, Mass.

The University of Chicago

The Graduate School of Social Service Administration

Second Term Summer Quarter begins July 27

Autumn Quarter begins October 1

Winter Quarter begins January 4

Spring Quarter begins March 28

Courses leading to the degree of A.M. and Ph.D.

Qualified undergraduate students admitted as candidates for the Ph.B degree

Announcements on request

SIMMONS COLLEGE
SCHOOL OF SOCIAL WORK

Professional Training In

Medical Social Work

Psychiatric Social Work

Family Welfare

Child Welfare

Community Work

Leading to the degree of B.S. and M.S.

Address

THE DIRECTOR

18 Somerset Street Boston, Massachusetts

School of Nursing of Yale University

A Profession for the College Woman

interested in the modern, scientific agencies of social service.

The thirty months course, providing an intensive and varied experience through the case study method, leads to the degree of

BACHELOR OF NURSING

Present study body includes graduates of leading colleges. Two or more years of approved college work required for admission. A few scholarships available for students with advanced qualifications.

The educational facilities of Yale University are open to qualified students.

For catalog and information address:

THE DEAN

The SCHOOL of NURSING of YALE UNIVERSITY

NEW HAVEN : CONNECTICUT

HOME STUDY

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

Offers a wide variety of subjects for Home Study under the personal instruction of members of the University teaching staff.

Write for our bulletin of information

Home Study Dept. SG, Columbia University, N. Y. C.

THE CITY and COUNTRY SCHOOL

at 165 West 12th Street, New York City,

announces a few vacancies in its upper groups—boys and girls,—ten—to—thirteen—years—for—the—1931-32—season.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from page* 449) search with her sense of drama. In Starry Adventure she has gone out to try her mettle with the young moderns on their own ground; but after all the children of the health seekers do not exhaust her cast of characters. This is a relatively slender offering, tapering off a bit at the close. You wish she had made more of her theme of the house as the shell of woman's adventure. She as no other might make the ancient peoples of this region live and love again. The artists who catch the lights and shadows of an Indian pueblo deal with surfaces; she has portrayed for us their inner life and might cast it in story. Such a work as The Peasants might come from her hands, with all the colors and rhythms of life among the Colonials which have carried over for three hundred years from the days of their isolated inland settlement. Most of all there is the American epic itself implicit in that Book of Mary Austin—the autobiography so eagerly anticipated by her friends. P. U. K.

Reno Looks at Marriage

MEN, WOMEN AND CONFLICT, *by George A. Bartlett. Putnam. 294 pp. Price $3.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

BECAUSE of a long varied experience in a Reno divorce court, Judge Bartlett has developed very definite and none too optimistic ideas concerning marriage. His approach to marital maladjustment is psychological rather than legalistic. Admittedly biased by his experience, he acknowledges that he is not writing a dissertation on successful marriages. Recognizing that marriage is a changeable and changing institution, he envisages divorce as an instrument facilitating and increasing its security. He believes thoroughly in divorce and would liberalize it without playing into the hands of radicals. At the same time there must be a greater effort to mould marriage without playing into the hands of the reformers.

Some of his ideas are decidedly moot. This makes his clear if somewhat journalese discussions stimulating. Some will deem him an *advocatus diaboli* because he favors older women serving in the estimable capacity of mistresses, teaching young males something about women, while he conservatively suggests that young brides should learn about marriage through more intelligent sex education. The discussion of adultery as sin is tinctured by a formulated definition of sin that is contrary to its general acceptance by those who actually believe in it. While denying a desire to sell the idea of adultery, his presentation virtually suggests it as a bit of special machinery for promoting human happiness amongst those who reject the idea of sin.

He recognizes that most divorce procedures are blind to justice for the children; and he deprecates suits for alienation of affection with implied financial values that are contrary to intelligent thought. He is a vigorous advocate of birth control but regards most unsuccessful marriages as foundering upon mental incompatibility and economic forces as well as upon sexual problems.

There can be little doubt but that the new six-weeks residence law of his state will bring quicker action and quicker reaction. Will the shorter stay favor a satisfactory solution of the familiar problems and personal struggles which allegedly constitute the reason for easy divorce? Judge Bartlett votes aye for he believes in marriage, divorce and the laws of Nevada.

New York IRA S. WILE

Britain, France and Society

SOCIAL POLITICS AND MODERN DEMOCRACIES, *by Charles W. Pipkin. Macmillan. 2 vols. 417, 377 pages. Price $7.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

AN admirable and very complete survey of the social legislation of Great Britain and France in this century is given in Professor Pipkin's two closely printed, heavily documented volumes. The detailed historical material is preceded by sketches of previous thinking and followed by summaries which show how social conscience and social powers have interacted.

While industrialism, passing out of the laissez faire stage in Britain and out of revolutionary doctrines in France, has had to look after the welfare of workers under the compulsion of public opinion and latterly because (*Continued on page* 453)

Loyola University

School of Sociology

Chicago

Professional courses for education and training for social work are offered, which, for graduate students, lead to the Master's degree.

Undergraduate students with two years of college work who otherwise qualify, may enter the course as candidates for the Bachelor's degree.

AUTUMN QUARTER OPENS SEPTEMBER 28, 1931

Bulletins and further information on request

28 North Franklin Street, Chicago

THE NEW YORK SCHOOL OF SOCIAL WORK *is now in its spacious new home at 122 East 22nd Street ⋆ ⋆ Six floors ⋆ ⋆ Class and conference rooms, social research laboratories, study rooms ⋆ ⋆ Easy access to an auditorium and to perhaps the most complete collection of social work literature in the world ⋆ ⋆ A kitchen, student-faculty lounges ⋆ ⋆ An atmosphere of opportunity for the formation of life-long professional associates ⋆ ⋆ A quiet, hospitable, academic retreat in the heart of New York City ⋆ ⋆ And just across the threshold, the hum and din of the world's most congested metropolis, where the maladjustments of mankind, dramatized in continuous panorama, flaunt their challenges into the faces of tomorrow's social workers.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DIRECTORY OF SOCIAL AGENCIES

Aid to Intelligent Buying

CONSUMERS' RESEARCH, INC.—340 West 23rd St., New York City. Stuart Chase, Pres.; F. J. Schlink, Tech. Director. Organized on a non-commercial basis to provide unbiased information and counsel on goods bought by the ultimate consumer. Individual subscriptions at $2 a year include the Handbook of Buying and periodic bulletins. Ten copies of each sent to Welfare Agencies at special rate of $5. Circular on request.

Aid for Travelers

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF TRAVELERS AID SOCIETIES—25 West 43rd Street, New York. J. Rogers Flannery, President; Sherrard Ewing, General Director; Miss Bertha McCall, Assistant Director. Represents co-operative efforts of member Societies in extending chain of service points and in improving standards of work. Supported by Societies, supplemented by gifts from interested individuals.

Association of Volunteers

ASSOCIATION OF VOLUNTEERS IN SOCIAL SERVICE—151 Fifth Avenue. Volunteer Placement, Education, Publications. Mrs. Geer, Pres., Alfreda Page, Sec'y.

Child Welfare

BIG BROTHER AND BIG SISTER FEDERATION, INC.—425 Fourth Avenue, New York, and 400 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago. A league of eleemosynary organizations of Catholics, Jews and Protestants in United States and Canada rendering personal, individual and intensive service to children in preventing delinquency. George MacDonald, President, Rowland C. Sheldon and Herbert D. Williams, Ph.D., Executives.

THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY FOR CRIPPLED CHILDREN, INC. — An Association of agencies interested in the solution of the problem of the cripple. Edgar F. Allen, Pres.; Harry H. Howett, Sec., Elyria, Ohio.

NATIONAL CHILD LABOR COMMITTEE— Courtenay Dinwiddie, General Secretary, 331 Fourth Avenue, New York. To improve child labor legislation; to conduct investigation in local communities; to advise on administration; to furnish information. Annual membership, $2, $5, $10, $25 and $100 includes monthly publication. "The American Child."

Foundations

AMERICAN FOUNDATION FOR THE BLIND, INC.— 125 East 46th Street, New York. Promotes the creation of new agencies for the blind and assists established organizations to expand their activities. Conducts studies in such fields as education, employment and relief of the blind. Supported by voluntary contributions. M. C. Migel, President; Robert B. Irwin, Executive Director; Charles B. Hayes, Field Director.

Foundations

RUSSELL SAGE FOUNDATION—For the Improvement of Living Conditions—John M. Glenn, dir.; 130 E. 22nd St., New York. Departments: Charity Organization, Delinquency and Penology, Industrial Studies, Library, Recreation, Remedial Loans, Statistics, Surveys and Exhibits. The publications of the Russell Sage Foundation offer to the public in practical and inexpensive form some of the most important results of its work. Catalogue sent upon request.

Health

AMERICAN BIRTH CONTROL LEAGUE, INC.—Mrs. F. Robertson Jones, President, 152 Madison Avenue, New York City. Purpose: To teach the need for birth control to prevent destitution, disease and social deterioration; to amend laws adverse to birth control; to render safe, reliable contraceptive information accessible to all married persons. Annual membership, $2.00 to $500.00. Birth Control Review (monthly), $2.00 per year.

AMERICAN CHILD HEALTH ASSOCIATION— 450 Seventh Ave., New York. Herbert Hoover, Honorary President; Philip Van Ingen, M.D., Secretary; S. J. Crumbine, M.D., General Executive. Objects: Sound promotion of child health, especially in co-operation with the official health and education agencies.

AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ORGANIZATIONS FOR THE HARD OF HEARING, INC.—Promotes the cause of the hard of hearing; assists in forming organizations. Pres., Austin A. Hayden, M.D., Chicago; Executive Director, Orson N. Kelly, 1537—35th St., N.W., Washington, D. C.

AMERICAN SOCIAL HYGIENE ASSOCIATION— 450 Seventh Ave., New York. To provide a better understanding of the social hygiene movement; to advance sound sex education, to combat prostitution and sex delinquency; to aid public authorities in the campaign against the venereal diseases; to advise in organization of state and local social-hygiene programs. Annual membership dues $2.00 including monthly journal.

THE NATIONAL COMMITTEE FOR MENTAL HYGIENE, INC.—Dr. William H. Welch, honorary president; Dr. Charles P. Emerson, president; Dr. C. M. Hincks, general director; Clifford W. Beers, secretary; 450 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Pamphlets on mental hygiene, child guidance, mental disease, mental defect, psychiatric social work and other related topics. Catalogue of publications sent on request. "Mental Hygiene," quarterly, $3.00 a year; "Mental Hygiene Bulletin," monthly, $1.00 a year.

NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF BLINDNESS—Lewis H. Carris, Managing Director; Mrs. Winifred Hathaway, Associate Director; B. Franklin Royer, M.D., Medical Director; Eleanor P. Brown, Secretary, 450 Seventh Avenue, New York. Studies scientific advance in medical and pedagogical knowledge and disseminates practical information as to ways of preventing blindness and conserving sight. Literature, exhibits, lantern slides, lectures, charts and co-operation in sight-saving projects available on request.

Community Chests

ASSOCIATION OF COMMUNITY CHESTS AND COUNCILS —
1815 Graybar Building,
43rd Street and Lexington Avenue
New York City.
Allen T. Burns, Executive Director.

Industrial Democracy

LEAGUE FOR INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY—Promotes a better understanding of problems of democracy in industry through its pamphlet, research and lecture services and organization of college and city groups. Executive Directors, Harry W. Laidler and Norman Thomas, 112 East 19 Street, New York City.

Religious Organizations

COUNCIL OF WOMEN FOR HOME MISSIONS— 105 E. 22d St., New York. Composed of 24 national women's home mission boards of the United States and Canada. Represents Protestant church women in such national movements as they desire to promote interdenominationally.

President, Mrs. Orrin R. Judd
Indian Work, Helen M. Brickman, Director
Migrant Work, Edith E. Lowry, Secretary
Adela J. Ballard, Western Supervisor

NATIONAL BOARD OF THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS— Mrs. Robert E. Speer, president; Miss Anna V. Rice, general secretary; Miss Emma Hirth, associate secretary; 600 Lexington Avenue, New York City. This organization maintains a staff of secretaries for advisory service in relation to the work of 1,288 local Y.W.C.A's in the United States with industrial, business, student, foreign born, Indian, colored and younger girls. It has 85 American secretaries at work in 39 centers in 15 countries in the Orient, Latin America and Europe.

MARQUETTE LEAGUE FOR CATHOLIC INDIAN MISSIONS—105 E. 22nd St., N.Y.C., Room 423. (Collecting agency for the support of American Catholic Indian Missions.) Officers: Hon. Alfred J. Talley, Pres.; Henry Heide, 1st Vice Pres.; Charles A. Weber, 2nd Vice Pres.; Victor F. Ridder, Treas.; Rev. Wm. Flynn, Sec'y General.

THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS OF THE UNITED STATES—347 Madison Avenue, New York City. Composed of 360 business and professional men representing 1,500 local Associations. Maintains a staff of 120 secretaries serving in the United States and 150 secretaries at work in 32 foreign countries. Francis S. Harmon, President; Adrian Lyon, Chairman General Board; Fred W. Ramsey, General Secretary.
William E. Speers, Chairman Home Division. William B. Foster, Chairman Personnel Division. Thomas W. Graham, Chairman Student Division. Wilfred W. Fry, Chairman Foreign Committee.

Home Economics

AMERICAN HOME ECONOMICS ASSOCIATION—Alice L. Edwards, executive secretary, 620 Mills Bldg., Washington, D. C. Organized for betterment of conditions on home, school, institution and community. Publishes monthly Journal of Home Economics; office of editor, 620 Mills Bldg., Washington, D. C.; of business manager, 101 East 20th St., Baltimore, Md.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DIRECTORY OF SOCIAL AGENCIES

National Conference

NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF SOCIAL WORK—C. M. Bookman, president, Cincinnati; Howard R. Knight, secretary, 82 N. High St., Columbus, Ohio. The Conference is an organization to discuss the principles of humanitarian effort and to increase the efficiency of social service agencies. Each year it holds an annual meeting, publishes in permanent form the Proceedings of the meeting, and issues a quarterly Bulletin. The fifty-ninth annual convention of the Conference will be held in Philadelphia, May 15-21, 1932. Proceedings are sent free of charge to all members upon payment of a membership fee of five dollars.

Racial Cooperation

COMMISSION ON INTERRACIAL COOPERATION—703 Standard Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.; Will W. Alexander, Director. Seeks improvement of interracial attitudes and conditions through conference, cooperation, and popular education. Correspondence invited.

NATIONAL URBAN LEAGUE—For social service among Negroes. L. Hollingsworth Wood, pres.; Eugene Kinckle Jones, exec. sec'y; 1133 Broadway, New York. Establishes committees of white and colored people to work out community problems. Trains Negro social workers. Publishes "Opportunity"—a "journal of Negro life."

Recreation

NATIONAL RECREATION ASSOCIATION—315 Fourth Ave., New York City, Joseph Lee, president; H. S. Braucher, secretary. To bring to every boy and girl and citizen of America an adequate opportunity for wholesome, happy play and recreation. Playgrounds, community centers, swimming pools, athletics, music, drama, camping, home play, are all means to this end.

Pamphlets and Periodicals

Inexpensive literature which, however, important, does not warrant costly advertising, may be advertised to advantage in the Pamphlets and Periodicals column of Survey Graphic and Midmonthly.

RATES:—75c a line (actual) for four insertions.

(*Continued from page* 451) of better ideas of efficiency, there has grown up in each country a definite political self-consciousness among workers themselves. The author says significantly, "Social legislation has not been looked upon as an end by the Labour movement of either France or England, but simply as a condition necessary for security before the worker could take the part he should in the modern community." The modern community is an industrial one with parliamentary controls. The worker learned the use of political instruments by fighting for better food and shorter hours. Now that he has governing skill on something like par with older estates, it remains to be seen what he will do with it. Professor Pipkin thinks he will make a freer and a better world.

The distinct contributions of the two civilizations are clearly described, although perhaps not enough attention is paid to the fact that France, being much less completely industrialized than Britain, still has the small-farmer type of mind as the basis of its individualistic political thinking. The work should be of lasting usefulness to students of ameliorative legislation.

Los Angeles LYMAN BRYSON

Labor and Federal Law

LABOR AND THE SHERMAN ACT, *by Edward Berman. Harper. 325 pp. Price $3.00 postpaid of The Survey.*

SINCE the passage of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law and the Clayton Act there has been much controversy over the status of labor unions under federal legislation. For the first time an authoritative study has been made of the interpretation which the courts have placed upon these acts in industrial controversies affecting labor. Though the Sherman Law was designed to prevent and control industrial combinations, it has proven singularly ineffective in this report. The objectionable features of industrial combinations have seldom been seriously interfered with whereas matters such as price maintenance and trade association activities which under certain conditions are deemed desirable have been condemned under the law. By the process of judicial interpretation these acts have been developed primarily into restraints upon the activities of organized labor. They have proved to be the strongest influences counteracting the movements in the direction of an effective trade unionism. The courts have placed the emphasis upon the interference with interstate commerce and though they have applied the rule of reason in the application of the provisions of the acts to industrial combinations, no such a criterion of reasonableness has been applied in relation to labor. Here the standard has been as to whether the activities of a labor organization directly affect commerce, regardless of whether the interference with commerce under the circumstances may have been reasonable. Despite the apparent object of the Clayton Act to exempt labor organizations from its provisions, the only important effect of the law has been to increase greatly the number of cases in which private individuals secure injunctions against labor organizations.

Mr. Berman puts in clear perspective the difficulties and uncertainties involved in the application of these acts to labor organizations. He presents a rather discouraging outlook. The volume deserves a wide circulation and should aid in preparing public sentiment either for amendments to the Sherman and Clayton Acts or for a more equitable interpretation of their provisions. CHARLES G. HAINES

Indian Background

THE NAVAJO INDIANS, *by Mary Roberts Coolidge and Dane Coolidge. Houghton Mifflin. 316 pp. Price $4.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

THE authors were unusually well qualified to write this sympathetic yet wholly unsentimental account of the largest of our Indian tribes. The history of the Navajos is here presented for the general reader with a full use of three source categories: literature, the interview, and the examination of culture products. The book does not attempt specifically to refute either the slanderous statements of certain missionary groups or the exaggerated appreciation of those interpreters of Indian culture who read into it a greater religious and artistic significance than it ever possessed. Nevertheless its balanced description of Navajo life and labor with its background of legend and tradition, supplies a much needed factual basis of judgment for those who cannot read the more technical studies.

Of special value for social action are those chapters which explain the conflicts out of which the present problems of the Navajo people have arisen. In a language which never rises above the calm recital of the historian, Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge display the terrible injustices to which white dominance has subjected this sensitive social group, and clearly point to the major avenues of redemption. We learn that past educational and reformatory efforts were so largely ineffective because nearly always they disregarded elementary economic needs. And while the authors approve of the trend of recent changes in the policies of the Indian Bureau, they also make it clear that constant watchfulness on the part of public-spirited organizations is needed if we are to avoid that lack of imagination through which so often well meant measures have in practice been applied to the detriment of the Indians. BRUNO LASKER

The Secret of No-Man's Land

THE ROAD BACK, *by Erich Maria Remarque. Little-Brown. 344 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic*

THE front-trench soldiers of the World War learned something they can never forget and never tell. They came back silent (save by hints to each other), their bosoms packed with some perilous stuff, too deep or too terrible for words, and they resented both the civilian's (*Continued on page* 455)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Rates: Display: 30 cents a line. 14 agate lines to the inch. Want advertisements eight cents per word or initial, including address or box number. Minimum charge, first insertion, $1.50. Cash with orders. Dicounts: 5% on three insertions; 10% on six insertions. Address Advertising Department

TEL: ALGONQUIN 7490 **THE SURVEY** 112 EAST 19th STREET NEW YORK CITY

SITUATIONS WANTED

POSITION wanted by trained and experienced woman with cultural background, as field worker for Protestant Settlement. 6890 SURVEY.

WOMAN of unusual experience in travel and personal contacts, desires position as Housemother on College Campus. Executive knowledge of household management large groups. Musical. Exceptional references. 6891 SURVEY.

EXPERIENCED EXECUTIVE AVAILABLE

Married man, eighteen years experience as Director of Childrens' Institutions, desires similar position. Highest references. 6892 SURVEY.

YOUNG MAN, college graduate, 3 years' Postgraduate study—2 years' experience social organization (delinquent boys), wishes position (nonresident) with progressive movement or social organization where education and social interests will find expression. New York or vicinity. 6886 SURVEY.

YOUNG WOMAN valuable to concern issuing a large quantity of printed matter or in a publishing house. Experienced in advertising, editorial, circulation or book departments. Has thorough knowledge of purchasing paper stock, cuts, type, etc. Pleasing personality. References. 6889 SURVEY.

Jewish Certified Public Health Nurse, speaks Yiddish, experienced in city, county and social service organization, desires positon. 6898 SURVEY.

EXECUTIVE

College and University trained, 34, desires to connect as Executive of Jewish Community Center, Settlement or similar institution. Extensive experience, capable organizer and administrator, pleasing personality, highest references. Available September. 6899 SURVEY.

WOMAN with three years' graduate study, experienced in teaching and social service, wishes work as teacher or superintendent in industrial school for girls or young women. Address 6900 SURVEY.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Owing to the consolidation of the Allen County Childrens' Home and Vocational School at Ft. Wayne, Ind. Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Williams, superintendent and matron of the School, are available and seeking a similar position.

Many years experience with underprivileged and delinquent children. Excellent references as to ability, character, vocational, recreational and physical guidance of children. Mr. Williams is an efficient executive conducting his work in a practical and economical manner. He is thoroughly familiar with the management of a detention home, an underprivileged boys club, orphanage or other juvenile institution. Mrs. Williams is highly recommended as a capable matron, exerting a motherly influence in a sensible, efficient way.

Their address is 1326 Woodbine Place, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Advertise Your Wants in The Survey

WORKERS WANTED

MAN over thirty years of age who has had experience in settlement or similar work, as assistant to the head resident of a large settlement house. Give full information as to age, education, references, experience, salary, etc., in first letter. 6901 SURVEY.

GRADUATE REGISTERED NURSES, dieticians, laboratory technicians for excellent positions everywhere. Write for application blank. Aznoe's Central Registry for Nurses, 30 North Michigan, Chicago, Illinois.

WANTED: Woman with assured executive training and ability in child care, as Matron in large school in North Central States. Send full details of training and experience. References and photo with first letter. 6897 SURVEY.

Please Remit

cash with order in sending Classified Advertisements to Survey Graphic or Survey Midmonthly.

Address

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING DEPT.
112 East 19th St. New York City

Do You Need

Institution Executives
Superintendents
Housekeepers
Matrons
Domestic Help
Nurses
Physicians
Teachers
Tutors
Personnel Managers
Industrial Welfare Workers
Recreation Workers
Boys' Club Workers
Girls' Club Workers
Social Case Workers
Office Executives

An ad in the Survey's classified department will bring results. Rates: 8c a word, minimum charge $1.50 an insertion.

THE SURVEY
112 E. 19 St. New York

The Collegiate Service, Inc.

Occupational Bureau for College Women
11 East 44th Street
New York City

Social Work Dept. in charge of Pauline R. Strode, Ph.B. University of Chicago and graduate of Chicago School of Civics and Philanthropy

GERTRUDE R. STEIN, Inc.

VOCATIONAL SERVICE AGENCY
18 EAST 41ST STREET, NEW YORK
Lexington 2-6677

We are interested in placing those who have a professional attitude towards their work. Executive secretaries, stenographers, case workers, hospital social service workers, settlement directors; research, immigration, psychiatric, personnel workers and others.

REAL ESTATE

FLORIDA

FOR SALE—A beautiful and modern home located in central part of Florida in city of 4000 bordering on scenic lake, splendid water supply, excellent schools, good roads. This two-story home has fireplace, hot and cold water, large bathrooms, 3 bedrooms, large living room, dining room and kitchen, six closets and comfortably furnished. Large lot with orange and grapefruit trees. Ideal for winter or year round. Picture and more particulars on request. Box 297, Moravia, New York.

NEW YORK STATE

LONG ISLAND. Highly restricted community, one hour from New York. Free membership in Country Club, golf course, tennis, boating, bathing (pavilion and pool) with property. Corner lot 60 x 100. All improvements. Excellent investment. Address South Shore, Survey.

SUMMER BOARD

KILKENNY LODGE and Cottages

In the Adirondacks at Elizabethtown, N. Y. Excellent food—moderate prices—most exceptional place between New York and Montreal. The grounds adjoin Cobble Hill Golf Course. Address Stanley S. Kilkenny.

SUMMER COTTAGES

BEAUTY SPOT, top of mountain, 7 large rooms, furnished, complete, ready for housekeeping; immense concrete glass-enclosed porches; garage, landscaped lawns, four acres, fruit, bathing; one mile country road; private, adjoining government reservation; terms. Owner—Bohan, Box 810, Troy, N. Y. Price $5,500.

ATTRACTIVE small furnished summer houses for rent. Ideal location. Reasonable board optional. Inspection invited. Address Box 985, Southampton, L. I.

HAVE YOU PROPERTY TO SELL OR RENT?

—Cottages to rent—or for sale—
Advertise in the CLASSIFIED SECTION OF
SURVEY GRAPHIC or MIDMONTHLY
Rates: 30 cents a line, $4.20 per inch
For further information, write to
ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT
THE SURVEY
112 East 19th Street New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JS

Fall Positions

IF you are qualified for social work or public health nursing and are interested in a position for fall, register early with this national, non-profit agency sponsored for you by the professions. Vocational information, guidance and placement.

J.V.S. booklet on request

Joint Vocational Service
(Agency)
130 EAST 22nd STREET
NEW YORK

MULTIGRAPHING
TYPEWRITING
PRINTING

MIMEOGRAPHING
ADDRESSING
MAILING

Every detail of our service is careful and intelligent without being more costly than other services.

QUICK SERVICE LETTER COMPANY
INCORPORATED
QSLC
3 PARK PLACE — NEW YORK
TELEPHONE — BARCLAY 7-9635

• • •

SALES CAMPAIGNS
PLANNED AND WRITTEN

• • •

MULTIGRAPHING — MIMEOGRAPHING
ADDRESSING — FILLING-IN
COMPLETE MAILINGS

HOOVEN ACTUAL TYPED LETTER CO.

122 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK CITY

(No connection with Hooven Letters, Inc.)

SERVICE 24 HOURS A DAY

Also complete Process, Multigraphing, Addressing, Signing and Mailing Dept's.

TEL. NO. CHELSEA 4237

Better, Cheaper, Quicker

We have complete equipment and an expert staff to do your
Mimeographing
Multigraphing
Addressing
Mailing

If you will investigate you will find that we can do it better, quicker and *cheaper* than you can in your own office.

Let us estimate on your next job

Webster Letter Addressing & Mailing Company
34th Street at 8th Avenue
Medalion 1473

Write for the new

BOOK LIST

Books displayed at the First International Congress on Mental Hygiene

One of the most comprehensive lists ever published of books on social work and kindred fields.

Classified in 23 Sections—
Listing recent and standard publications at regular prices, postpaid

The Survey Book Department
112 E. 19th St., New York, N. Y.

PERIODICALS

RATES: 75c per actual line for 4 insertions

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF NURSING shows the part which trained nurses are taking in the betterment of the world. Put it in your library. $3.00 a year. 450 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.

MENTAL HYGIENE: quarterly: $3.00 a year; published by the National Committe for Mental Hygiene, 450 Seventh Avenue, New York.

MISCELLANEOUS

BELIEVING some men and women are burdened, anxious, needing help in meeting perplexing personal problems, retired physician offers friendly counsel. Nothing medical, no fees. 6794 SURVEY.

(*Continued from page* 453)

ignorance and his curiosity to get this final knowledge cheap and second-hand. But we can blindly guess that this knowledge is—that life can lose the will-to-live. They had a vision that this race might be extinguished and Death rule, while Nature stood by indifferent to a mankind that did not force his significance on her by his living force. Two symbols of this sterile mood may be the stark phrases, No-Man's Land and the Zero Hour. Empty of human will Nature *is* no-man's land.

IN All Quiet on the Western Front, Remarque pictured in simple moving terms the blood struggle that taught men this terrible secret. It was a great book. The Road Back is greater, both in meaning and richness of art. You have not tried to understand the War unless you have read these pages, composed of nobly balanced terror, sweetness, pity, wisdom and earth-born humor. Here is a netful of characters, all breathing, suffering, passing; a spiritual intimation of how town and countryside went in post-war Germany; and a set of psychological studies of war-made personalities. Remarque has broken the soldiers' silences on their Road Back to life and peace and the institutions of society. The little group of returned youths are pictured in their diverse struggles to reconstruct their souls. The first picture, of the coming of peace, and occasional flash-backs of memory, keep us aware of what broke their souls; but with splendid reticence the author gives the bestial bits only as causes, never as mere horrors. And in spite of the interior desolations he records, Remarque comes out finally with his hero, Ernst, in a spirit of resignation, looking forward to work again and strangely consoled by the very Nature that has seemed to laugh at men. "Is it to be just a breath of wind over the grasses, a blackbird singing at evening that rallies us and leads us back home?" Thus is the thin strand of faith knit together again.

You can best learn the pathos and beauty of the ways they found back for yourself. Some found girls and food; some rebellion against the state; some returned to the army; one went crazy and one found peace on the battlefield he had to visit again. Adolph Bethke drove away the wife who had been faithless during war and then in his loneliness realized what the years of waiting and fear had meant to her—and they join again, understanding. The struggles to recapture their youth and get in touch with their families (who did not share their secret) are profoundly moving. So is Ernst's abandoning of teaching his school because he had nothing to teach and what he could tell this new generation could not understand. The key of the plot is perhaps the scene where the young veterans go back to the normal school to find the master prating about glory, the deaths of heroes and the duty to country. They silence him with vulgar words and belly-laughter. Indeed there is a kind of giant heartening humor on many pages. Each scene is a clear-cut cameo but all are made a mosaic to point one lesson, the spiritual devastation of war. The language and the art are won from life, concealing their skill, and the translator, A. H. Wheen, has preserved the simplicity and pathos with loving care.

Somewhere in this book is wisdom for everyone: for all of us had to find some road back. This prosaic lawyer told me (he had been in the War) that he read the story with the sweat pouring down his body. This woman spoke only of her tears. For this novel comes near to unveiling the face of war.

LEON WHIPPLE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Index to Advertisers

August, 1931

GENERAL

American Telephone & Telegraph Company..... 410
Fels Naptha Soap..... 449
Lewis & Conger..... 449
Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.....Third Cover

FINANCIAL

Household Finance Corporation..... 409

TRAVEL AND RESORTS

Bar P Quarter-Circle Ranch..... 448
Western View Farm..... 448

EDUCATIONAL

Author's Research Bureau..... 449
City and Country School..... 450
Columbia University Home Study Courses..... 450
Loyola University School of Sociology..... 451
New York School of Social Work..... 450
Simmons College School of Social Work..... 450
Smith College School for Social Work..... 450
Univ. of Chicago Grad. School of S. S. Administration.... 451
Yale University School of Nursing..... 450

CONFERENCE

Blue Ridge Institute..... 448

DIRECTORY

Social Organizations 452-3

PUBLISHERS

American Indian Life (Periodical)..... 449
G. P. Putnam's Sons.....Back Cover
Willett, Clark & Company.....Second Cover

CLASSIFIED

Situations and Workers Wanted..... 454

Employment Agencies

Collegiate Service, Inc..... 454
Gertrude R. Stein, Inc..... 454
Joint Vocational Service..... 455

Printing, Multigraphing, Typewriting, etc.

Hooven Actual Typed Letter Co..... 455
Quick Service Letter Co., Inc..... 455
Webster Letter Addressing & Mailing Co..... 455

Pamphlets & Periodicals..... 455
Miscellaneous 455
Real Estate 454
Summer Board 454

CHILDREN OF THE TRAIL

(*Continued from page* 437)

the railroad right of way and day after day we have watched her drive out of camp with the one horse hitched to the old iron wagon, maintaining her seat on the plank with difficulty.

There is a case for birth control but, of course, that is heresy and I used to be old fashioned. She is young and none of her children is really strong. They had whooping cough all winter. Yet she managed fairly well when the baby came. The Salvation Army sent someone up to wash for her and a woman from the camp acted as nurse. We all took turns with the older children.

I had some dry bread the other day and asked Jack if he wanted it. He said, "Oh, yes, we can use it. If we don't eat it, either the horse or the chickens will; our horse eats anything, he has to." Jack is a nice youngster. When I play for them, he makes the younger ones sit down; his father had taught them, he said, always to sit down and keep still when music was playing.

Once on their way here, at some place in Idaho, the children were terribly frightened by a coyote. Two of them were hitched up like horses to a little home-made wagon, pulling the little one, when all at once they heard this terrible howl; it seemed near them and as it was growing dark and they had wandered quite a way from camp, they began to run and spilled out the baby. As soon as one got up, another fell down and poor little too-old Jack trying to take care of them all. Finally the others, their older sister was along, left Jack all alone, trying to bring the littlest tot in across that lonely, coyote haunted prairie. He saw the animal before he got back to camp and it made such an impression upon his little mind that he would always speak of it to me if it began to get dark before he left my cabin for their own.

"Weren't you afraid?" I ask him.

"Sure . . . but I couldn't leave the baby." His big blue eyes looked so serious. He doesn't think much of the new baby. It is all wrinkled. "And we didn't need another, did we, Mis' Smith?"

No . . . they didn't.

Dear Sue:

This is a lovely morning and I am really homesick. I feel like starting off on the walk, as they say. We see so many hitch hikers go by here. It really rained yesterday, the first time for ages. My little bed of petunias and mignonette is so sweet since the rain. My southern friend and I set out some wild flags and some other wild flowers we could not identify; they are blooming now, too, and it is a little touch of home. I daren't think of my garden . . . back there.

The lake is so clear this morning and all the box factory buildings are reflected in it. It's really all the river, just spread out here, and they have several different names for it. I can hear the loons and see the mud hens and stately pelicans like tiny sail boats far out on the lake. There are sea gulls screaming over my head all the time as I write; they come up to the garbage cans for scraps. And the smoke of all the dozens of mill and factory chimneys is going straight up into the blue . . . it's all rather wonderful . . . there, a little humming bird almost flew into my hair . . . but it isn't home.

I shall be glad to travel again. Our plans are shaping so that we need not be here much longer. But I wonder if it is in my blood now, too? Will I be satisfied to settle down? In the spring, especially in the early mornings just after Henry is gone, when I come out and look down toward the highway and its endless stream of cars, going, going, no one knows where or why, I want to start out too, over the mountains, to see what is beyond.

But what of my children . . . the little ones of the trail? They will come and go, some of them will stay. A baby will knock on my cabin door and say, "Open, Smith" and little Jack, leading the small sister by the hand will come quietly in to listen to the music . . . and I won't be there. Who will teach them . . . help them to look up . . . do something to simulate a background for them . . . if I don't?

Whose job are they?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED